TWO VOLUNTEER MISSIONARIES AMONG THE DAKOTAS

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TWO

VOLUNTEER MISSIONARIES

AMONG THE DAKOTAS

OR

THE STORY OF THE LABORS

OF

SAMUEL W. AND GIDEON H. POND

BY S. W. POND, JR.

"Yea, so have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation."—Paul.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society

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PREFACE.

THE Dakotas received their earliest impressions of civilization from three distinct classes of persons, widely differing from one another in character, occupation, and motives. These three classes were the military, including government officials, the mercantile, and the aggressively religious.

The influence exerted by the Fort Snelling garrison on the great body of the Indians was necessarily limited, and worked no essential change in their character or mode of life. No serious conflict occurred between the Sioux and the military forces prior to the year 1862, and the influence of the post was probably, for the most part, beneficial. Liquor sellers were not allowed to enter the Indian country, and an honest and determined effort was made to exclude all persons of doubtful character and antecedents, and this effort was fairly successful. In April, 1848, Scott Campbell, the veteran interpreter, was banished from the country in pursuance of this policy. His fault was selling liquor to the Indians.

Mercantile interests in the northwest were represented exclusively by the fur traders, many of whom were French Canadians by birth, and nearly all of whom had Indian families, so that in the last generation of traders many mixed bloods were found. These traders were necessarily men of ability, energy, and sagacity, but sadly lacked cultivation, and in fact many of them could neither read nor write. Their influence with the Indians was, generally speaking, neither elevating nor improving. There were a few exceptions to this rule, among which Mr. Renville, of Lac Qui Parle, may be classed.

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There was the same antagonism between the business of the traders and the attempt to civilize the Indians that existed in ante-bellum days between the institution of slavery at the south and the attempt to educate the negroes. The trader's occupation, however innocent in itself, required that the Indians should remain hunters and should not become tillers of the soil. Oliver Faribault gave expression to this fact in the remark that he counted it a loss to himself of five hundred dollars for every Indian who learned to read and write.

The trade was conducted with ordinary fairness as a rule. It is true that the traders received large sums of money when the Indians disposed of their land by treaty, and that much of this money was paid them in settlement of fictitious accounts; but the grants then made were more of the nature of a bonus or subsidy for their influence with the Indians, and as some compensation for the destruction of the fur trade, than as an embezzlement of Indian funds.

The Dakotas were fortunate in their first agent, Major Taliaferro, who was interested in their prosperity and progress, and especially anxious that they should learn to cultivate the soil. His administration, while not faultless, was free from injustice and corruption, and he left behind him a record of twenty years of faithful service, which had not impoverished the Indians or enriched their agent.

The government policy toward the Indians, while always in a measure experimental and often obviously unwise, has been often unsparingly criticized, for faults rather chargeable to unscrupulous agents than to any inherent defects of the "Indian policy." It is true of this as of most other human codes or policies, "Whate'er is best administered is best."

The Dakotas first came in contact, to any important extent, with the third or distinctively religious element at Lake Calhoun in 1834. The influence of that contact, soon extended by others, has been manifesting itself to a wider extent and in a more marked

character with almost every passing year of the fifty-seven which have since elapsed. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall spread through the whole earth.

The history of the work among the Dakotas, so far as it relates to the stations at Lake Calhoun, Oak Grove, Red Wing, and Prairieville, has never been written, and a detailed history of the years of weary toil in the Master's service at those four points will never be prepared, for all the actors, save one, have passed over the river, and the only survivor will never tell the story of those years and that work in which he was one of the principal actors. All that the writer has attempted to do has been to arrange and preserve a few historical fragments otherwise destined soon to pass into oblivion. For this attempt he deems that no apology is necessary.

A short time before his death, the late lamented Dr. Riggs said in a letter to his old friend Mr. Pond that he most sincerely hoped the latter would write an account of the "pioneer period" of the Dakota mission, adding that none would be more deeply interested in such a narrative than he. Possibly others might feel a similar interest in the story of the first steps so laboriously taken.

The life of a good man makes the world better. The printed record of such lives extends and perpetuates the good thus wrought. We hear in these days much of a "century of dishonor," and the stories of cruelty, injustice, and error in its treatment of Indian tribes, on the part of our government, are too many of them true; but on the other hand, over against this dark record, we see an unbroken line, from the days of Eliot and Brainerd down to our own day — more than *two* centuries of living faith, Christian zeal, and martyr courage on the part of those who in weariness and toil have followed the example of their Master in obedience to his last command, in the dark places of the earth telling the story of the cross to these same benighted heathen. Many of them, like the exemplary Christian Amos Huggins,

have exchanged the weapons of their earthly warfare for the martyr's crown.

The missionary spirit is not dead. In the heart of many a young disciple this zeal for the salvation of souls burns with a heaven-enkindled flame, as bright, as pure, as ardent as it once burned in the hearts of those who established the first "permanent Dakota mission" in "the cabin by the lake."

MINNEAPOLIS, November 1, 1891.

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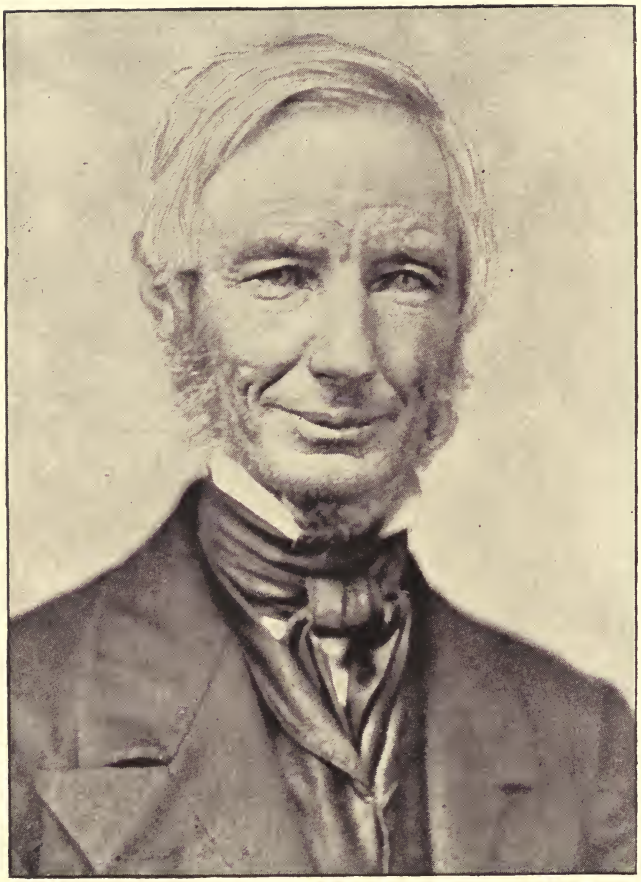


SAMUEL W. POND.

At 62.

Two Volunteer Missionaries Among the Dakotas.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY TRAINING.

THE Ponds of Connecticut were of English Puritan ancestry, the family name first appearing in the colonial records about the year 1630.

It appears from the published family history that the sixth in lineal descent from Samuel, the original pioneer, was named Edward. He married a sister of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, Sr., and located in Woodbury, Litchfield County.

The firstfruit of this marriage was a son, Elnathan Judson, who married Sarah Hollister, of Washington, Conn., and settled in the adjoining town of New Preston. The Hollister family had been identified with that part of Litchfield County from its earliest settlement. This young couple spent the first years of their married life in the towns of Woodbury and New Preston, and in this latter town the two sons whose

life work forms the subject of this story were born — Samuel William, on the tenth of April, 1808, Gideon Hollister, June 30, 1810. They were fifth and sixth in order of birth in their father's family, which consisted of nine children, eight of whom lived to old age.

About the year 1812, Mr. Pond removed with his family to the wilds of eastern New York, settling in Windham County, on the western slope of the Catskill Mountains. They remained in that primitive region four or five years and then returned to Litchfield County, Connecticut, permanently locating near the village of Washington.

When twelve years old, Samuel again went to New York state, to live with an uncle, but at the end of a year this uncle was accidentally killed and Samuel returned to Washington. He left home again soon afterwards and was apprenticed to the clothier's trade with a Captain Evitts Moody, who conducted a farm and in connection with it a cloth-dressing establishment. The young apprentice had little taste for the labors of the fulling mill and dyehouse, but liked farming, which occupied a large part of the year.

The Moody homestead covered a little tract of level ground near the dashing Shepaug River, and was but a short distance from the noted cliff called Steep Rock. There were many points of special interest

in the immediate vicinity and many more near enough to be accessible, and to the ardent lover of nature there were many redeeming features about the seven years spent at the Moody homestead.

Captain Moody owned a tract of land some distance down the river from the home field, and to this tract the young apprentice often went early in the morning and remained there all the long day, and on such occasions, during the noon hour, he could indulge his fondness for trout-fishing or could read Burns or Rollin without fear of interruption.

His life was in some respects a rather free one, and he often preferred a grassy couch on the bank of the mill pond to his bed in the loft, and a considerable part of the night was often spent in catching eels. He attended the excellent schools of Washington village during the winter months, and became early proficient in most of the branches taught in the public schools of that day. He was from early boyhood an omnivorous reader and became thoroughly acquainted with most of the standard literature of that day during his apprenticeship. Books, historical, biographical, and poetical were alike read with unflagging interest. Burns was his favorite poet, and a pocket edition of this author was his constant companion.

The early life of Gideon Pond was in some respects different from that of his older brother. He was ap-

prenticed at an early age to a carpenter, Jared Frost by name, and remained with him for some months, perhaps years.

The labors of the carpenter and builder were at that time severe, including the work of cutting down, hewing, and framing large, green, hard-wood timbers, which were often, especially when a barn was to be built, extremely heavy. This work proved too hard for the young apprentice, who was at that time small in stature, and gave little promise of developing into the strong, vigorous-framed man which he was in his prime. When about fifteen years of age he was compelled by the critical state of his health to give up his trade.

Gideon Pond found from that time a congenial home with a married sister, Mrs. Jonathan Hine, with whom he lived until he was of age, and became in the meantime a very skillful and thorough farmer.

The manner in which these brothers grew up and the methods of their early training especially prepared them for the pioneer work to which they were subsequently called. They became early inured to exposure and hardship and they also learned by early experience to measure the extent of their personal resources with an accuracy which experience alone can teach. They owed much to the character, example, and counsels of their noble mother, whose

consistent walk and conversation in the midst of many hardships and discouragements were a constant inspiration to her children.

After the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, Samuel worked about three months at his trade in Harwinton and then gave up the trade, which he had never liked. He worked on a farm in the vicinity of Washington until he was twenty-three, and was then attacked by a very violent disorder somewhat of the nature of inflammatory rheumatism. The attack was nearly fatal, and after many months of intense suffering he rose from his sick bed, but only to walk with the aid of crutches, and was assured by his physician that he would be a cripple for life. Notwithstanding this comforting prediction he gradually regained his health, and as soon as he was able commenced teaching school in Washington and proved a popular and successful teacher.

CHAPTER II.

NEW LIFE AND NEW PLANS.

OF Mr. Samuel Pond it may be said that, until he arrived at the age of twenty-three, his character lacked the essential element of an elevated and definite purpose. In the characters of many of his relatives he had seen clearly exemplified the power and beauty of Christian faith, but knew nothing of this faith by personal experience. His active mind, like the spirit in the parable, had wandered through the dry places of the world seeking rest and had found it not. An ardent lover of literature, a still more ardent lover of nature, he found neither sufficient for his needs. Independent in his modes of thought, and often slow to accept the statements and deductions of others, accustomed also to ridicule what he did not believe, he had in the opinion of others, if not in his own personal convictions, wandered far from the faith of his fathers.

At this time a religious awakening occurred in his native town, so marked in its character and so permanent in its results that it formed an epoch in the history of the place, so that for more than sixty

GIDEON H. POND.

At 60.

years events have often been mentioned as occurring before or during "the great revival." For weeks and months, during the busiest season of the year, crowded sunrise prayer meetings were held daily and were attended by a population almost exclusively agricultural, and each day busily engaged in the labors of the harvest and hay fields.

Like many others, Mr. Pond felt the presence of a Power which he could not explain away by any intellectual process, or account for by any method of human reasoning. After passing through a season of darkness, doubt, and despair such as few are called to pass through, he finally was guided to the "wicket gate" and left his burden at the cross. His brother Gideon was also converted during this revival.

More than one hundred converts at one time united with the Congregational Church at Washington, these two brothers among the number, and this was with them the commencement of a new life. From this point in their lives the inspiring motive with both these brothers seems to have been a spirit of loyalty to their new Master, accompanied by a burning love for their fellow men. The elder brother was still disabled from manual labor by the effects of his long illness, and, anxious to find a more needy field for Christian labor than New England afforded, he turned his thoughts to the West.

It was finally agreed between the two brothers that Samuel should go West, with the somewhat indefinite purpose of locating in Missouri, or some other distant state, and there be joined by his brother Gideon, should a promising field be found. The plans of the brothers were not regarded with favor by their friends and relatives, and they met decided opposition in carrying them out; but they were not to be turned aside from their purpose. Provided with a small amount of money earned in teaching school, Samuel set out in the month of March, 1833, for the distant west. The journey from New Haven to New York by boat, and from the latter point to some small town on the coast of New Jersey, and thence by stage through the hills of Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, is very minutely described in an interesting letter written home from this latter city, where the first Sabbath away from home was spent.

At Pittsburg Mr. Pond took deck passage down the Ohio, intending to stop at St. Louis. By taking passage on deck the expenses of the trip were brought within the means of the young voyager, and by clubbing with other passengers of the same class the table expense was also reduced to a minimum. Deck passengers were required to assist in taking in wood at the landings, which Mr. Pond says he found "good exercise."

This journey down the Ohio came near proving his last journey. He was seized with the cholera, then so prevalent and fatal on the western rivers. The attack was a severe one. He was among total strangers, and was also ignorant of the nature of the disease.

Having no relish in his illness for the coarse fare provided by the steerage passengers, he at one point went on shore in search of something to eat, and having procured an egg he returned to the landing to find that the boat with his baggage and money had gone. He went on board a steamer which lay at the landing and by rare good fortune overtook the one on which he had taken passage at a landing lower down the river, hastened on board, and sought his berth.

Guided by the unseen hand of Providence he finally arrived at Galena, Ill., an embryo town, then recently started for the purpose of developing the lead mines in that region. Here he remained until the following spring, living in the family of a Mr. Jones, a printer.

During the years 1833 and 1834 the cholera raged fiercely in all the towns along the western rivers, and Galena did not escape. Mr. Jones, the printer in whose family Samuel lived, died during the summer of the epidemic. Mr. Pond busied himself in many ways.

He was active in Sunday-school work, and soon made the acquaintance of the Rev. Aratus Kent, a pioneer clergyman of Galena, who was his lifelong friend. He also spent much time among the sick and dying. In the part of the town where he lived cholera victims were very numerous, and his gratuitous services were in demand on every side.

Excursions were made to Gratiot's Grove, Mineral Point, and other neighboring towns in search of a school to teach, but no opening was found.

About the first of June, 1833, he made a trip in company with Mr. Kent to Chicago, then a straggling village of a few hundred inhabitants. The journey was made across the prairie, following for some distance the course of the Illinois River. On the return trip Winnebago Indians were seen, but they did not suggest to Mr. Pond the idea of engaging in the Indian work. Mr. Kent and Mr. Pond passed most of the way on their return through an uninhabited country, and for seventy miles saw no house save a deserted Indian village.

During this year Mr. Pond had a second attack of cholera and attributed his recovery to the prompt use of calomel.

During his stay in Galena an apparently trifling occurrence gave definite direction to his life plans. He often passed a small store where liquor was sold,

and one day stepped in to persuade the proprietor, if possible, to seek a more honorable calling. That first interview led to an acquaintance, and from this man something was learned about the Dakotas, whose territory he had traversed on his way from the Red River country, from which section he had come. This man's description of the Dakota nation was fairly accurate but applied only to the buffalo hunters of the plains with whom only he was acquainted.

These wild and roving Indians seemed to be proper subjects for Christian effort, and promised to furnish the opportunity for self-denying labor that the brothers were longing for. After mature consideration, Samuel decided to write to his brother Gideon, inviting the latter to join him early the following spring and undertake with him an independent mission to the Sioux or Dakotas. He in the meantime mentioned the project to his friend Mr. Kent, who looked upon the plan with no favor, and said he would never give his consent to so wild a scheme.

Extracts from two of Mr. Pond's letters, written home at about this period, the autumn of 1833, will give a somewhat accurate idea of his plans and the reasoning on which they were based. The first of these letters was dated October 8, and was written to his brother Gideon, previous to the time when he decided to go to the land of the Dakotas: —

I have delayed writing to you for a long time that I might know what to write, but I have not forgotten you, and the expectation of seeing you here next spring has frequently been a cordial to my spirits.

Since I left you at Plymouth, I have met with little calculated to attach me to this world, but much to remind me that we have no "continuing city or abiding place."

My health has not been very good much of the time since I left W——, and, so far as I can judge, I have done little or no good during the past summer.

I suppose you still contemplate coming to this country next spring, and would like to know particularly what opportunity there is of doing good. With respect to the moral character of the people, it is probably much worse than you imagine. I mean the people here, at these lead mines; for although people in other parts of this western country are very bad, yet I suppose the people here are much the worst. This is one of the strongholds of the prince of darkness. It has appeared to me during the past summer like the gate of hell, for it has been very unhealthy, and of the multitudes who have died here I have not known one who has appeared to die in the Lord. The worst kinds of vices prevail to a high degree. Sabbath-breaking is common among the most respectable people. We have preaching here, but only a few usually attend. I believe the church consists of about seventeen members, yet I fear they exert but little influence on the world around them. Drunkenness prevails to a great extent, even among the most influential men. Gambling houses are openly kept in different parts of the village. Swearing is common, even among children. Indeed, wickedness prevails in every form.

The first white inhabitants of this part of the country came here about seven years ago. The state of society is very unsettled, but is constantly improving. There are many Catholics here, but they have no priest now. He died last summer, and I hope his place will never be filled. That religion is worse than no religion.

Thus you will see there is great room for doing good here. I think that a person who comes to this country to do good ought to be willing to wait patiently for years, although he may see no fruit of his labors.

It appears to me that a person who would be useful in such a place as this one should become a permanent resident.

The following letter, dated at Galena, December 3, 1833, unfolds the Dakota Mission project: —

Dear Brother, — I have not yet received an answer to the letter I wrote you dated October 8, and the reason why I do not wait for an answer, which I expect soon, is that my views and feelings are different from what they were when I wrote before. This is also my excuse for writing so soon after writing to my other friends.

Soon after my arrival here, on becoming acquainted with the condition of the surrounding Indians, my interest was excited on behalf of the Sioux, a large nation west of the Mississippi, and on the Missouri and its branches.

I resolved to remain here until your arrival, and then go up to the Fort of St. Peters, which is situated on the St. Peters River, near the Mississippi and about five hundred miles north of this place. There is a body of Sioux Indians located near there. From them we could learn the language which is spoken by a vast number of Indians scattered over a large extent of country, from the Mississippi to the Pacific. These Indians are visited only by traders in fur nearly as ignorant as themselves, and are the most savage and warlike of all the northwestern Indians. I have obtained much information respecting these Indians since I came, and if I had an opportunity of conversing with you, I think I could easily convince you of the importance of doing something speedily for the Sioux (soos). I saw last spring a party of the miserable remnant of the Pottawatomies, who were neglected until it is now too late to help them.

It is found by experience that if once the Indians are in a posi-

tion to obtain spirits, there is but little prospect of doing them good. The main body of the Sioux are not now in that condition, but erelong they will be; then help will be too late.

I know that difficulties attend the undertaking, but I believe they are not insurmountable. If God is with us, it will be enough. Pray that we may not undertake to go in our own strength.

I believe that if I could see you, I could soon answer all the objections that you or others could urge against the proposed plan. So much was my heart set upon going, that last July I began to make preparations for it. I purchased two rifles, one for you and one for myself, as they seemed to be sent to me by Providence and would be indispensable articles if we should go.

It seemed necessary that I should come here and stay one year to make preparation. My mind was diverted from the undertaking by circumstances which I shall not now relate, but since I relinquished the idea of going my mind has been continually unsettled, and I have been resolving on one course of conduct and abandoning it for another, to be abandoned in turn, while I have been like a wave of the sea.

If you should finally conclude to come here with the design of accompanying me up the river next spring, I think that it would be best for you to start about the time of the year that I did. If you should start sooner, it would be more expensive traveling, and if later, it would probably be more unhealthy and perhaps too late to go in the boat to St. Peters, as boats seldom go there and commonly go early in the season. I do not know any better route than the one by which I came.

Very minute directions follow as to rates for cabin and deck passage and measures which should be taken for preserving the health on the trip down the Ohio, and such other suggestions as Samuel thought might be of service to his inexperienced brother.

If you should, after mature consideration, and after having sought the direction of God (may his Holy Spirit direct us both), think it your duty to come out and go with me to the St. Peters, you will probably wish to know what preparation it is necessary to make. The summers are shorter there than here, and the winters are long and cold. It would be useless for you to burden yourself with many summer clothes or to provide such as would be expensive. Woolen stockings, flannel shirts and drawers, etc., with good, substantial woolen clothes, will be the most important articles. Such articles as I first mentioned will be harder to obtain than outside clothing, as that can be made of blankets and skins, and generally is in that country.

I shall endeavor to make provision of such articles as can be obtained here, but with respect to money, we shall probably have little use for it but we shall need some. We may have to hire an interpreter.

Perhaps you look upon my scheme as visionary, but I cannot think it so. You may say that although some one ought to go, we are not the ones; but why not we? Cannot we learn the Indian language as well as others? Who are under greater obligations and have greater reason to deny themselves and take up the cross and follow Christ than you and I? You may object that you are not qualified for a missionary, but what is wanting? It is not natural talents. It is true that God has withheld from us those brilliant talents which he has bestowed on some, but what then? We can tell our fellow sinners that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

If in consequence of what I have written to you before, your plans of life are different from what I here propose, and it is difficult for you to alter them now, I assure you that there is a wide field for usefulness in this place. There is much to be done here. "The harvest is great and the labourers are few."

I want you to seek direction from God. Let us set apart a

particular time each day in which to seek heavenly wisdom, that we may be enabled to choose that course of conduct by which God will be most glorified and the most good done to our fellow men. Our usefulness and happiness depend upon our living near to God, for you well know that God alone can make us useful and happy. If we wish to grow in grace, we must read the Bible much and pray much; and not only read and pray, but act.

It would be interesting to read, in connection with this letter, the younger brother's reply; but we only know that the proposed plan was with many misgivings accepted, and in the midst of much opposition from friends and relatives Gideon set about his preparations for going among the Indians.

In the meantime Samuel was diligently completing such preparations as he was able to make with the limited means at his disposal. He had reached Galena with one hundred dollars in money, and had earned some during his stay there; but owing to an attack of cholera followed by fever and ague during the summer, this money was used up. A pair of blankets was obtained by the sacrifice of his watch.

He had, however, thirty dollars given by the Sabbath-school of his native place to aid him in his work, but since it was sent before the donors knew he was going among the Indians, and they might not approve of the undertaking, he preferred to hand the money to Mr. Kent, requesting him to use it in purchasing a library for some needy Sabbath-school; and a part of

it was afterwards used in purchasing a library for the school organized at Fort Snelling in 1835, the first Sunday-school within the present limits of Minnesota.

Early in April, Gideon Pond arrived at Galena, bringing with him about three hundred dollars in money, his entire savings, which, with a slender outfit of clothing, represented the material resources of these two volunteers. They expected to go among roving tribes of Indians, to have no certain dwelling place, and to subsist as the Indians themselves subsisted. Their plan was a simple and, as they proved, a feasible one, but one which would require large stores of faith and fortitude each step of the way.

The older of the brothers was twenty-six at the time they left Galena, and in form tall and very slender, as he always continued to be. The younger and more robust brother was not quite twenty-four, more than six feet tall, strong and active, a fine specimen of well-developed manhood. They were men extremely well fitted mentally and physically for enduring the toils and privations attending the course they now entered upon.

On the first of May, 1834, they embarked on the steamer Warrior, for St. Peters, bidding a long and, as they then supposed, a final farewell to civilization. Just before going on board, they called to take leave of Mr. Kent. He remarked: "I thought you had

given up that foolish project; you are just throwing yourselves away."

As the steamer glided out of Fever River and its bow was headed upstream, the younger brother remarked: "This is a serious undertaking;" and such in some respects it was. There was in it no element of attractiveness aside from the divinely-promised reward. It was to a people ignorant, savage, and degraded, and, as they had been led to believe, to a dreary region where the people clothed themselves in furs and were little better off than exiles to Siberia. Furthermore, these adventurers knew that, save a few personal friends, none knew anything of this mission to the Dakotas or felt the slightest interest in its success or failure.

FORT SNELLING.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE DAKOTAS.

THE scenery of the upper Mississippi is still pleasing to those eyes which first behold it clothed in its springtime robe of beauty. In 1834 this scenery shone forth in all the primeval glory of "nature unmarred by hand of man."

As the steamer Warrior threaded its way up the river toward the mouth of the St. Peters, the rich May verdure through which they passed must have appeared singularly beautiful to the two brothers who then beheld it for the first time; but their chief interest seems to have centered in the half-naked Dakotas whom they first met at Prairie du Chien.

At this landing Mr. S. W. Pond learned of a white man who knew something of the language how to ask the name of a thing in Dakota. Approaching an Indian who was standing near a pile of iron, he asked its name; the Indian promptly replied, "Maza." Dipping a little water in his hand from the river, he said, "Mini," then taking up a little sand he added, "Weeyaka."

There on the bank of the river the first words

were obtained for the future lexicon of the Dakota language.

Mr. Pond says, "No other acquisition of the kind ever afforded me so much pleasure as it did to be able to say in Dakota, 'What call you this?'"

The boat reached Fort Snelling on the sixth of May, and while the brothers were still on board they received a visit and a warm welcome from the Rev. W. T. Boutwell, a missionary of the American Board to the Ojibways, then located at Leech Lake. Mr. Boutwell had come to Fort Snelling to obtain supplies for his station, and was rejoiced to meet "these dear brothers who, from love to Christ and the poor red man, had come alone to this long-neglected field."

A little later the brothers left the boat and were at once surrounded by Indians, who crowded around the landing on the arrival of this the first boat of the season.

Fort Snelling was located on the high point of land lying between the Mississippi and Minnesota, or, as it was then called, St. Peters River. It was at that time the central, and in fact the only, important place lying within the present state of Minnesota. There was then and for years afterward no white settlement northwest of Prairie du Chien, and it was the decided policy of the government to exclude all except agents

and employees of the fur companies from the territory of the Indians. The military post at Fort Snelling, erected in 1819, fifteen years prior to this date, was for many years the extreme outpost of frontier civilization.

The Dakota Indians had not disposed of any portion of their vast territory by treaty, except the narrow tract forming the military reserve on which the above-named fort was built. They supported themselves as their fathers had done, almost entirely by hunting, trapping, and fishing. The Indians living in the vicinity of Lake Calhoun cultivated small fields of quickly maturing corn, which had been introduced by their chief a short time before. The occasion of this wise act of the chief is worth noting.

He said that at one time, being out in the Red River country hunting with a part of his band, they were overtaken by a drifting storm and remained for several days under the snow with nothing to eat. While lying in these drifts he formed a resolve to rely in part upon agriculture for subsistence if he escaped alive, and he remembered his resolution after the immediate peril was past.

The Indians disposed of their furs mainly to the American Fur Company, although in later years some independent traders engaged in the lucrative trade. The Indians received from the traders, in exchange

for their furs, articles which had by use become necessities to them. Among these were guns and ammunition, steel traps, spears, and edged tools, and many other similar articles. They likewise dressed themselves in large part in textile fabrics obtained from the traders. The goods furnished them were for the most part of a useful nature, well adapted to their wants, while glass beads and tin earrings, although often purchased, were looked upon as luxuries which might be dispensed with if necessary.

The distributing point for this section was Mendota, the oldest town in Minnesota, located directly across the Minnesota or St. Peters River from Fort Snelling.

A Mr. Bailey was in charge of that post in the spring of 1834. Among the subordinates in charge of local trading houses were the Faribaults, Hazen Mooers, Louis Provençal, or Le Blanc, as he was usually called, Mr. Renville, at Lac Qui Parle, and some others, the trading posts extending from Lake Pepin to the Sheyenne River. The Dakotas were distributed along the Mississippi and St. Peters or Minnesota rivers, from Prairie du Chien to Lake Traverse, and their territory was bounded on the north by the Ojibway country. Western branches of the Dakota nation, outside of the territory described above, were of course at that time beyond the reach of missionary enterprise.

With some of the neighboring tribes, and especially the Ojibway nation, the Dakotas waged eternal warfare, and war parties each year brought in scalps in varying yet sufficient numbers to keep them in fair practice in the line of the scalp dance.

The Indian agent at Fort Snelling was Major Taliaferro, a man peculiarly fitted by nature and training to successfully discharge the responsible duties pertaining to the office of agent for so numerous and warlike a nation as that of the Dakotas. He was for many years their agent, and his rare judgment and firm decision of character preserved order to a remarkable degree among the Indians under his authority, so that he was accustomed to say that during the period of his official management no white man had been killed by an Indian in his territory.

No attempt had ever been made either by private enterprise or government authority to civilize or Christianize the Dakotas, if we except the fruitless labors of Father Hennepin and his successors to inflict the saving ordinance on unwilling savages. The Dakota Indians were at that time substantially what they had been for generations, depending upon their own resources for subsistence, upon their own medicine men for medical advice and aid, and upon the traditions of their fathers for their knowledge of the mysterious and unseen. Each of these they found in its way

sufficient for their needs. Experience had taught them that the natural resources of their country would supply them with the necessaries of life; that while medical skill sometimes failed to restore the sick to health, they could then die as their fathers had done before them; and as for spiritual instruction, they were not conscious of any special lack in that line, with their medicine men to look after their idolatrous feasts and observances.

The Pond brothers expected to find the Dakota Indians human beings with like passions as themselves, and they so found them. They were men and women like other men and women, except as hereditary customs, modes of life, and hereditary ignorance and superstition had made them to differ. "The trouble with them was they had *too much* human nature," once said Samuel Pond.

Mr. Grooms was acting agent in the absence of Major Taliaferro, then at the East, and he permitted the Messrs. Pond to occupy a vacant room in one of the agency houses, charging them rent for it and giving them no encouragement as regarded their enterprise. They were soon afterwards summoned to appear before Major Bliss, commandant of the fort, and account for their presence in the Indian country without leave. Having no authority to show, Samuel Pond handed the major a letter given him by Mr. Kent just

as he was leaving Galena, which Mr. Kent remarked he might find useful. This letter Major Bliss pronounced insufficient, since, while Mr. Kent was a reliable man, his acquaintance with the brothers was not long enough for him to know much about them. Mr. Pond then handed him a private letter from General Brinsmade, of his native place, a man then extensively known in New England. This letter was pronounced perfectly satisfactory so far as the character of the young men was concerned.

The major then inquired what their plans were, and was informed that they had no plans except to do what seemed most for the benefit of the Indians. The major then mentioned the fact that the Kaposia band had oxen and a plow, but no one to plow for them. Mr. Pond immediately volunteered to go down and aid them, and being dismissed returned to report his success to Gideon, who had not ventured into the major's presence.

Much depended upon this interview and the way it should terminate, since the brothers had really no right to be in the Indian country, and were intruders.

Major Bliss and his wife were always, from that first interview, warm friends of the brothers, and one of them was shortly afterwards asked to live in the major's family as tutor. This proposition was declined for more important work.

In a letter dated May 25, Mr. Pond writes of this first actual contact with the natives: "I stayed last week with a band about nine miles south of this place, where I went to help them break up planting ground; and as I had no other shelter, I slept in the house of the chief and ate with him. He had two wives and a house full of children. He appeared to be much pleased with the plowing. They have never had any done before."

The chief referred to was the famous Big Thunder (Wakinyan-Tanka), the father of the so-called Little Crow, whose connection with the massacre of 1862 is well known. Big Thunder and his chief soldier, Big Iron, held the plow alternately while Mr. Pond drove the oxen, and these two men were doubtless the first Dakotas who ever plowed a furrow. Mr. Pond's knowledge of the Dakota must at that time have been limited, and his entertainers neither then nor ever afterwards spoke a word of English; consequently, social intercourse that week must have been quite restricted.

Dogs or Indians stole the provisions which were taken from the fort, and Indian fare was both scarce and unpalatable; so that first experience of Indian modes of living must have been rather trying. But Mr. Pond in his letter says he "got along very well." As King Charles of Sweden once said, "The

food, though not good, might be eaten;" and it was.

Some extracts from a letter written at this time by Gideon to friends in Connecticut will further explain the situation of the brothers: —

I have arrived at one of the most beautiful places I ever saw, just above the mouth of the St. Peters, and between that and the Mississippi River. The fort is situated on a bluff by the river, on the edge of an extensive prairie. . . .

The rifles which Samuel bought were extremely cheap, and we brought them with us. But, Edward, we shall not hunt furs for a living, and yet they may be of use to us. You said you could not bear the thought of our wandering about homeless and clothed in skins or rags; and you need not. We now occupy a room in a house built by the United States for the subagent of the Sioux Indians, or, in their own language, the Oo-we-chas-ta Da-co-ta. We live alone and cook our own food, because in this way we get along cheaper. To see a white man dressed in skins would be no more ridiculous in Washington, Conn., than here.

One great hindrance to our soon becoming acquainted with the Sioux language is that we feel that we ought to labor for our support when in health, so that we may save our money for time of necessity. The interpreter costs us nothing. He is employed by the government to assist the agent, and indeed everything is favorable and far more inviting than we anticipated. Yes, my brother, God has prepared the way, and here is a large field, ripe already to the harvest; and I ask you and all my Christian friends in Washington — yes, that dear church to which I belong — to pray the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers who will not faint into his harvest.

Soon after Samuel finished his work at Big Thunder's

village, Major Taliaferro returned. He seemed pleased with what the brothers had done and were doing, and nothing more was said about rent for the room they occupied. This room they continued to use until they had a home of their own at Lake Calhoun, a great favor to them, since prior to that time neither food nor clothing was safe at the lake. In the meantime, Gideon plowed for the Lake Calhoun band, spending about a week with them.

Late in May Dr. Williamson arrived at Fort Snelling, under appointment from the A. B. C. F. M., exploring the country for the purpose of selecting a location for a future mission station. He and Samuel Pond visited the Falls of St. Anthony, making the trip on foot. They saw it in all its primeval beauty, fresh from the Maker's hand. One rude government sawmill was the only indication of the transforming hand of civilization. The river was then in flood, and went roaring and dashing over the overhanging rock in a sweeping torrent, but very faintly suggested by the present artificial rapids.

After the lapse of more than fifty-six years, Mr. Pond visited the falls in September, 1890, for the last time, and told the writer, who stood beside him, the story of that first visit when

> "In the joy and strength of youth
> He stood upon that shore."

The silent yet vivid memories of the past which passed in panoramic vision before the survivor of more than eighty years as he spoke of the time when he first beheld that scene, now so changed, it were vain for us to attempt to describe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CABIN BY THE LAKE.

ABOUT seven miles northwest of Fort Snelling, and between three and four miles west of St. Anthony Falls, now in the suburbs of Minneapolis, lies Lake Calhoun, so named in honor of John C. Calhoun; and a few rods south of it is Lake Harriet, named for the wife of Colonel Leavenworth, first commandant at Fort Snelling. Lake Calhoun is a beautiful sheet of water and is much the larger of the two lakes, although somewhat surpassed in the beauty of its surroundings by its smaller neighbor.

Around these little lakes cluster many events of special interest connected with the early history of this section, and especially with the early labors of the brothers Pond.

The lakes named form central links in a chain, of which Cedar Lake, Lake of the Isles, and Lake Amelia form additional links. The Indians called Lake Calhoun "the inland lake," meaning the lake away from the river; and Lake Harriet was commonly mentioned as "the other lake." The low ground

LAKE CALHOUN.

The site of the Pond brothers' cabin was near the right of the picture.

lying partly between these two lakes was the site of the summer village of a band of Dakotas which recognized Mahpiya Wicasta (Cloud-Man, or Man-of-the-Sky) as chief.

This chief, in 1834, was about forty years of age, respected and loved by his people, and as well obeyed as Indian chiefs usually were. He was an intelligent man, of a good disposition and not hostile to the approach of civilization or blind to the benefits which it might bring to his people, as were some of the neighboring chiefs, and some also of his own people.

This village was the nearest of the Indian villages to Fort Snelling and had made some progress during the five years the Indians had been located at Lake Calhoun, in cultivating the soil to raise corn. As the Indians were compelled to dig up the ground with hoes in preparing their fields, the area planted was necessarily small. Constant vigilance was also necessary to save the ripening fields from the ravages of the blackbirds (red-winged starling), who were as fond of the corn as were its owners. In the year 1833, the fur trader Philander Prescott plowed a small field for his wife, who was a native, but his gallantry does not seem to have prompted him to plow for the wives of his neighbors. Plowing was one of the arts of civilization which Indians, and especially Indian women,

could appreciate. The Lake Calhoun band had first been induced to cultivate the soil by their agent, seconded by the snowstorm elsewhere mentioned.

When the agent, Major Taliaferro, learned that the Pond brothers wished to build a cabin near some Indian village, so that they might aid them and learn their language, he advised them to build at Lake Calhoun, which they soon decided to do. Early in June, with the aid of the chief, they selected a site for their house just east of the lake, on the site now marked by the ruins of the Pavilion Hotel.

To persons accustomed to the work of building log houses the task does not appear formidable, but for these young men fresh from New England, who had scarcely seen a log house, the work presented some difficulties, and it is not surprising that Yankee ingenuity did not altogether supply the lack of experience. Their first move was to erect a temporary shelter of dried barks, such as the Indians used for roofing. The barks they found in the woods near where they proposed to cut logs for their house, and they built their temporary shelter in the midst of the woods and of the mosquitoes. An Indian woman afterwards claimed the barks as her personal property, but as she had no present use for them she consented to their furnishing a shelter for the white men until they should have a better one. The mosquitoes were

not so obliging. They were active, vigorous, able-bodied mosquitoes, champion warriors every one of them, and as numerous as the hosts of Lilliput. They had not been enervated by a lengthy warfare with the white race, during which a constant infusion of civilized blood renders each succeeding generation less warlike than the preceding one. Mosquitoes in a new country are bitter fighters.

After digging a cellar on the site selected, the brothers proceeded to build. The following description of the cabin was written years afterwards by one of the architects: —

It was built of logs carefully peeled. The peeling was a mistake. Twelve feet by sixteen and eight feet high were the dimensions. Straight poles from the tamarack grove west of Lake Calhoun formed the timbers of the roof. The roof itself was the bark of trees which grew on the bank of a neighboring creek (now Bassett's), fastened with strings of the inner bark of the basswood. A partition of small logs divided the house into two rooms, and split logs furnished materials for the floor. The ceiling was of slabs from the old government sawmill at St. Anthony Falls. The door was made of boards split from a log with an axe, had wooden hinges and fastenings, and was locked by pulling in the latchstring. The single window was the gift of the kind-hearted Major Taliaferro, the United States Indian agent. The cash cost of the whole was one shilling, New York currency, for nails used about the door. The formal opening consisted in reading a portion of the Book of books and prayer to him who is its acknowledged Author. The banquet consisted of flour and water.

The ground was selected by the Indian chief of the Lake

Calhoun band, "Man-of-the-Sky." The reason he gave for the selection was that from that point "the loons would be visible in the lake."

The timbers of which the walls were built were large green oak logs, and as they were cut in June, after the sap had ceased running, the peeling was a very laborious task; in fact, the bark had nearly all to be hewn off with an axe. After they were laid up, they were found to be so smooth that the clay with which the cracks between them were to be filled would not adhere to them, but fell out. In the selection of this calking material a mistake was also made. The soil around the cabin was well suited for this purpose, and the builders were so informed by Mr. Prescott, the trader; but supposing they could find something better, they went a long distance and with great labor brought clay from the bed of what is now known as Bassett's Creek. As soon as the clay began to dry it also began to crack, until when cold weather came the walls were full of cracks from top to bottom. This clay became, however, an article of commerce with the Indian boys, who made of it missiles to throw at the blackbirds, and gladly exchanged roasting ears for it.

They had also much trouble in getting their tamarack poles across the lake, and after having their canoe nearly swamped by a strong wind, they cut

loose from the poles, which were obliging enough to float over near where they were wanted.

The cabin was completed early in July, and of the life the brothers lived there Gideon writes as follows: —

Our oxen were Indian property, kept at Fort Snelling. With a yoke of oxen, a chain, and some other tools, we began to chop timber and build our cabin, which was a log hut with bowlders from the lake shore for a fireplace and chimney. For our supplies we bought a barrel of pork and one of flour.

We were unable to plant anything the first year except some beans, which the pigeons rooted up. Till our hut was completed we left our effects at the Agency, carrying on our backs such things as we needed. Sometimes our pork was stolen by the Indians or the dogs, and we lay down to sleep supperless. Sometimes we dined on fish, but not often, for it took time to catch them. More than once, rather than make another trip for provisions, we dined on mussels. (S. W. Pond says, "They proved very poor eating.")

Cooking at first we found very unpleasant, as well as our washing. We did not attempt to bake bread but a few times. By degrees we adopted the habit of frying our pork at each meal thoroughly, then, adding a little water, we stirred in flour; for a change we made it thicker or thinner. This was our food and manner of cooking for more than a year and a half. We disliked cooking so much that we did not eat till we were hungry, seldom more than twice and often but once a day.

The way in which they hit upon the method of cooking their pork and flour above described deserves mention.

The brothers had exhausted their stock of provisions, and Samuel went to the fort for a supply of pork and flour. Being very hungry on arriving there, he hastily kindled a fire, and cutting his pork into small pieces fried it thoroughly, then adding a little water and stirring in flour he found the result much more of a success than he had expected. It took a little labor to convince the other half of the family that pork and flour so cooked could be eaten, but experience conquered prejudice in that case as it has in many others.

On removing with their effects to their new home, the brothers felt as if they dwelt in a palace with all one could desire at hand.

Mrs. Bliss gave them a ham and her husband gave them some potatoes for present use and for planting the following spring. Major Taliaferro gave them, besides the window, a large padlock with which to lock their door. He also wished to give them a stove, but they preferred to build a fireplace, desiring to depend upon their own resources as much as possible and preserve a spirit of independence. They wished to make their experiment at their own cost.

But while they neither received nor desired pecuniary aid, they fully appreciated and were deeply grateful for the moral support they received from Major Bliss and others, since this support was needed to

counteract the efforts of other parties to excite the prejudices of the Indians and create a feeling of opposition to them.

The change which occurred in the following December at Mendota, by which H. H. Sibley succeeded Mr. Bailey, was an important event for them, since Mr. Sibley was always personally very friendly, and this could never have been the case with Alexander Bailey.

The twenty-fourth of the following August a letter was written to the friends at home, the first, it would appear, that was sent from the cabin by the lake. A part of this letter is given below: —

Dear Mother, — It is now Sabbath morning, but a Sabbath morning is not like one in Washington.

One Indian has been here to borrow my axe, another to have me help him split a stick; another now interrupts me to borrow my hatchet; another has been here after a trap which he left with me; another is now before my window at work with his axe, while the women and children are screaming to drive the blackbirds from their corn. Again I am interrupted by one who tells me that the Indians are going to play ball near our house to-day. Hundreds assemble on such occasions. What a congregation for a minister of Christ to preach to!

Alas! as far as I know, the glad tidings of salvation never reached the ears of a Dakota. Yet I cannot but hope that some will be gathered into the fold of Christ even from among this wild and savage nation.

Our house is so far completed that we have a comfortable home, and are even pleasantly situated. . . .

The Indians appear very friendly toward us. We can talk with them some and they appear pleased to have us build here. One of their principal men lately made a visit to a neighboring village and says he told them that two white men had built a good strong house by his village, which made their (the other villagers') hearts feel bad because they did not enjoy the same privileges. Many will probably come here next spring.

Since I first thought of coming here among the Sioux, I have at times felt much anxiety, but dared not do otherwise than come. Sometimes I have been ready to faint, but "when my foot slipped, then the Lord held me up." . . .

I can have no doubt that the Lord has brought us here, and he has prepared the way before us in a very remarkable manner.

Pray for us, that we may render to him again according to his benefits toward us, and I trust you will pray for the heathen around us. If the Bible is in sight when they come into our house, they frequently ask me to tell them what it says. I can only tell them I will do so when I can speak their language well. Did Christians know the condition of this nation, it seems to me they could not neglect them as they do. If we consider only their temporal condition, they are most miserable. The men are esteemed honorable in proportion to the number of human beings they have destroyed, for each of whom they wear a feather in their heads.

The whites do not know how much they fight. There has been war this summer between the Chippeways and Sioux, I was informed by one of the principal Indians of this village. Their wars are engaged in that they may have a chance to murder a man, woman, or child, and wear another feather. One Indian who often calls on us, and has given us fish, venison, etc., wears six feathers. He is the principal war chief in this village, and is held in high estimation because he has been so successful as a murderer.

The women do all the labor, and were I to tell you all the hardships they meet with, you would hardly believe me.

I have written but little during the past summer, but I have now as many conveniences as the prophet Elisha had, and hope I shall write more. Indeed, we are very pleasantly situated. Last spring I thought I was going to renounce all the comforts of civilized life, but, behold! here we are, with a good snug little house, delightfully situated, surrounded by land of the first quality, belonging to the United States, which we occupy with the consent and approbation of the commander of the fort; with a good yoke of oxen to use as we please, and possessed of the confidence of the Indians.

Pray for us, that we may have grateful hearts and be faithful unto death.

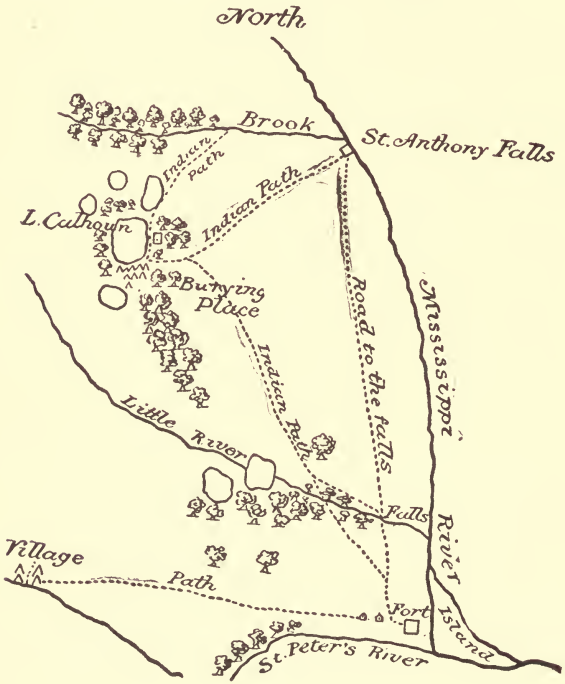
The following letter, written home a few months later, gives additional particulars regarding the cabin and its environs, and was accompanied by a rude map of the present site of Minneapolis, probably the earliest chart of the section ever made: —

I will suppose that you should make us a visit in the summer. Leaving Fort Snelling and traveling northwest, you would cross a green and level prairie three miles wide, when you would come to a beautiful stream of water, perhaps half as large as Shepaug River. It is called by the Indians "Little River." There are a few trees on either side of it. It issues out of a lake a short distance above the place where we cross it, and a little way below it falls, I think, nearly a hundred feet. It is a beautiful cataract, and I seldom pass by without going to see it.

After crossing this stream and getting out from among the trees which grow on its banks, you would enter upon another prairie stretching off to the north as far as you could see, and casting your eyes to the northwest you would perceive a hill, which would appear to you much higher than any other ground

in sight, though indeed it is but half a minute's walk from the bottom to the top.

A little to the right of it you would see another piece of high ground covered with timber. As you drew near to the hill first



mentioned, following an Indian footpath, you would see white cloths fixed to the tops of poles. They are waving over graves. The top of that hill is the burying place of Indians, who always bury their dead in high places. If you should go to the top of the hill, you would see the hair of the surviving friends, which they have

cut off and strewn about the graves. They often cut themselves very badly with knives when their friends die. Perhaps, too, you would see some food which they have laid by the graves for the dead to eat.

After passing a little to the right of the burying place, you would turn to the left and pass through the cornfields on your way to the village. Here you would see the women and the girls, dressed in something like a petticoat and short gown, taking care of their corn. If the corn were ripe enough to eat, the men and boys would be there too. If not, some of the men and boys would be after deer and fish and some would be doing nothing. Some of the men helped their wives raise corn last year, and more of them said they should next year.

A narrow lane, which the women have made by setting up posts about as large as a person's wrist and tying slender poles to them with bark, leads through the cornfields to the village. The village, which stands on the southeast side of the lake [Calhoun], consists of fourteen dwelling houses, besides other small ones. The houses are large, and two or three families live in some of them. You would not see our house from the village, but, turning to the right along the east bank of the lake and ascending a hill, after walking about a quarter of a mile, you would find our house on the high ground I mentioned before as being covered with timber, between the woods and the lake.

Our house stands in a lot which we have fenced with logs, and which contains about four acres of the best of land. We have cleared off the most of it. . . .

Our Indians have some of them returned since I have been writing and appear glad to see us. The chief asked us if we did not feel bad to have them gone so long. They all come to our house to see us and shake hands as fast as they arrive. They came yesterday, and last night made the woods ring with their savage yells. I believe they are giving thanks to the Great Spirit for their safe return. They say this is customary.

Oh, that some of them might worship the true God in the beauty of holiness!

On the reverse of the map mentioned above was the following explanation: "I have made dots for timber; the rest is prairie. You will see several little lakes. They have sandy bottoms and abound in fish. Lake Calhoun is the largest one about here and is three or four miles in circumference."

The Indian name, "Little Waterfall," is given in the foregoing letter in speaking of the falls now called by white people "Minnehaha." The Indians never knew it by the latter name, bestowed upon it by the whites. The writer of the foregoing letter narrowly escaped drowning while attempting to bathe under this stream of falling water.

The house constructed with so much labor and care, and dedicated to mission work with so much Christian zeal, stood but five years, and was then torn down by its builders to get material with which to construct breastworks for the defense of the Dakotas after the bloody battle of Rum River, of which mention will be made later. In the language of another: "This cabin was the home of the first citizen settlers of Hennepin County, perhaps of Minnesota; the first schoolroom, the first house of divine worship, the first mission house among the Dakotas." Dr. Treat, Secretary of the American Board, mentions it in an article written

in 1869 in the following language: "The humble cabin on the banks of Lake Calhoun, erected in advance of all others, was a noble testimony to their [the builders'] faith, their zeal, their courage."

One beautiful summer evening, shortly after the sun had disappeared behind the western horizon, the older brother sat alone by his lately completed dwelling and looked across the lake at the gleaming west. The sunset sky was lined with fleecy clouds which the fading rays of the departing sun gilded a gorgeous crimson. As the watcher noted the surpassing beauty of the natural world, his thoughts were rudely recalled to the sternly present reality of human suffering and human sorrow by the melancholy wail of a Dakota woman in the presence of death. In some verses written at the time, Mr. Pond expressed his renewed determination to spend his life in the effort to bring to the knowledge of the pagans around him the light and immortality of the Christian faith.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW LANGUAGE.

IT has often been represented by persons having but a superficial knowledge of Indian languages that they are imperfect and defective, and can be made to express but a very limited range of ideas. Possibly this may be true of some of the aboriginal North American tongues, but it is certainly not true of the Dakota. The Dakota verb is peculiarly complex, and by means of inflections expresses certain shades of meaning not expressed by any of the languages of civilization without the introduction of adverbial phrases. Its idiomatic forms, some of which are highly figurative, are very numerous, and quite unique in their character. While it would require many additions to adapt it to the varied uses of civilized life, the Dakota was quite complete enough to express all the thoughts and feelings of a Dakota, and in some directions possessed a fullness and completeness scarcely to have been expected in the unwritten language of a nation of wandering savages.

In the narrative of S. W. Pond, the process of

LAKE HARRIET.

reducing the Dakota to a written form is briefly described as follows: —

From the time of our arrival, we considered the acquisition of the Dakota language of paramount importance, and, however our hands might be employed, this work was not neglected. We were ever on the alert to catch some new word or phrase from the mouths of the Indians, and though our memories were retentive, we made "assurance doubly sure" by writing down what we learned. Here we met with a serious difficulty for want of a suitable alphabet. With the vowels we had no difficulty, for there are in Dakota but five vowel sounds, and they are common to the English; but with the consonants it is different, for there are sounds in the language which no English letter or combination of letters can be made to express. To meet this difficulty, we took such characters of the English alphabet as are not needed in the Dakota, and gave them new names and new powers.

We also made the single characters *c* and *x* represent the English sounds of *ch* and *sh*. When our alphabet was completed, each letter had one uniform sound and no two letters could be used to denote the same sound; so there is but one way of spelling any given word in Dakota, and if one knows how to pronounce a word, he knows what letters to use in spelling it. No time is consumed in learning the orthography of the language except the little that is required to learn the alphabet, and this accounts for the facility with which the Dakotas learn to read and write. We arranged the alphabet in the summer of 1834, and our house was completed and the language, thus far, reduced to writing at about the same time. The house was to stand but five years, while the alphabet will be used as long as Dakota is written.

This alphabet the Rev. Dr. Neill calls the "Pond alphabet."

TALLADEGA COLLEGE
LIBRARY,

SOUNDS OF THE POND ALPHABET.

A	sounds as *a* in far.	O	sounds as *o* in go.
B	„ *b* in but.	P	„ *p* in pea.
C	„ *ch* in cheat	Q	indescribable.
D	„ *d* in deed.	R	high guttural.
E	„ *a* in say.	S	sounds as *s* in sea,
G	low guttural.	T	„ *t* in tea.
H	sounds as *h* in he.	U	„ *oo* in noon.
I	„ *e* in see.	W	„ *w* in we.
J	„ *si* in hosier.	X	„ *sh* in sheet.
K	„ *k* in key.	Y	„ *y* in yeast.
M	„ *m* in me.	Z	„ *z* in zeta.
N	„ *n* in neat.		

The completeness of the work thus speedily accomplished was many years afterward referred to by Dr. Riggs in terms of commendation, mentioning at the same time the fact that it was done some time before he came to the mission.

A few unimportant changes were made in writing the Dakota at the time the dictionary was published. These changes were suggested by Mr. W. W. Turner, and consisted mainly in the substitution of dotted letters for the single letters *r* and *g* as they were used in the Pond alphabet, and one or two minor changes of like nature.

Soon after the completion of the alphabet, an Indian named Mazardhamani came and wished to be taught to read, if the white men thought he could learn.

They thought he could, and as he was of quick apprehension, he soon learned to read lessons prepared for him and also to write letters which his teachers could understand. He was of course the first Dakota who learned to read and write. Thus the first experiment with the new language proved satisfactory. We shall hear farther from this Indian, Walking-bell-ringer, as his name signifies.

To quote again from the narrative: —

Lieutenant Ogden came to Fort Snelling about the same time that we did, but he was then a wild young man, and we knew but little about him until the next winter, when he became a decided Christian. He was from that time one of the excellent of the earth, one in whom were united the finest sensibility, sound judgment, and strict integrity. Soon after coming here he, with other young officers, to while away the time, employed Scott Campbell (government interpreter) to go through the English dictionary with them, they writing down definitions in Dakota as he dictated, and Ogden gave this manuscript to me.

Campbell, who knew they would never detect the errors, had taken no great pains to give them correct definitions, and as Lieutenant Ogden knew nothing of the Indian language and used the English alphabet, many of the words were not easily deciphered; but with the aid of the Indians we succeeded in getting from the collection a considerable number of words that were new to us, although we could not depend upon Campbell's definitions.

We learned the grammatical construction of the language as a child learns its mother tongue, for of competent interpreters there were none. Madame la Chapelle, of Prairie du Chien, gave Mr. Gavin his first lessons in Dakota, and when he asked her some question about the Dakota verb, she replied, "If you can find a

verb in the Dakota, you are a smart man." When I asked Scott Campbell how the Dakotas formed the future tense he replied, "The Dakotas have no future tense;" but we learned the rule for the future tense, and many other rules, without the help of interpreters.

Every step in advance made the next step easier, so that when we had been here a year we had quite a large collection of words and had no difficulty in conversing with Indians so as to make ourselves understood. It is true we had only made a beginning, but a beginning is something, for *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and they who came after us never knew what that step did cost, for it is one thing to learn a word or rule in print or writing, and quite another thing to catch it from the mouth of an Indian. We found we could learn more of the French grammar in a week than we could of the Dakota in six months.

Nothing but unwearied diligence on the part of the Pond brothers would have enabled them to meet successfully the obstacles in their untried path and accomplish so rapidly and thoroughly the work they had undertaken.

The difficult literary task of marking out lines for others to follow in the development of the Dakota language in its written form would have afforded sufficient employment without the arduous manual labor required to provide for their own necessities and aid in many ways the Indians by whom they were surrounded.

The winter of 1834–35 was a peculiarly severe one, even for the climate, where mild and balmy breezes

are exceptional in the winter season. The far-famed dryness of the winter atmosphere in the upper Mississippi region cannot altogether neutralize the severity of northwestern breezes with the mercury ranging from zero to forty degrees minus. The new cabin was, however, comparatively warm, the fireplace large, and the wood near, for at that time the old forest trees still stood almost on the shores of Lake Calhoun.

Gideon cut down the large trees in the adjacent woods, and drew them to the door with the cattle, where Samuel, who was a perfect genius with an axe, speedily reduced them to a convenient size for placing in the aforesaid fireplace, where a roaring fire was kept up all day, and all the long nights also, when necessary. Subsistence was mainly upon pork and flour, varied occasionally with venison steak. Deer were very plenty around Lake Calhoun that winter, and the brothers spent a number of weary days hunting them; but as they had nothing but boots to wear on their feet, were not properly armed for that kind of hunting, and were entirely inexperienced in the habits of the deer, they were unsuccessful. At one time Samuel shot a deer, so that an Indian who was passing pronounced it mortally wounded and volunteered to follow it and bring back the meat; but, as it happened, the Indian was a stranger from another village, and neither deer nor Indian was seen afterward.

Partridges, which were numerous, were not shot for fear the deer would be frightened away.

There was, however, another line of hunting in which the white men were successful. The Indians had left many steel traps, used in muskrat hunting, in the cabin for safe-keeping during the winter. These traps were much larger than the modern rat-trap and many of them were provided with two strong springs. The writer has often trapped with such traps and has been once or twice bitten by their jaws, and so can testify to their superior merits.

During the early part of the winter, an Indian boy became enraged at his pony because he could not catch it, — no unusual thing, by the way, — and in revenge shot at it, breaking the poor beast's leg. The horse was killed and left on the low ground northeast of the lake, where the old motor line formerly ran, for the wolves to live on during the winter. Mr. Pond took an ox chain and set a row of steel traps around the horse, fastening them to the chain. In this way seven wolves were caught in a short time, and their skins added much to the cabin comforts during the long severe winter which followed. One of these wolves was only stunned when first knocked on the head and came to life very suddenly after being thrown across the shoulder of his captor. Since the latter had him

by the throat, the wolf soon became "dead again," as our Teutonic neighbors say.

As has been said, the house built by the brothers had two rooms, an attic and a cellar. The latter did not prove entirely frostproof, and their few potatoes quickly froze; but frozen potatoes were better than none and they were eaten just the same. The next spring Samuel made a false floor two or three feet below the real one, and, digging the cellar deeper, packed the dirt thus obtained between the two floors; but since the house was not occupied another winter, the labor was thrown away. The inner room was used as a private apartment and sleeping room, to which the general public was not admitted. It was reserved territory, a sort of "court of the priests."

This first winter was a very busy one as well as a cold one, and the fact that the mercury ranged low, and winter mails were almost unknown, did not interfere with the work which the brothers came to do, and in which all the energies of their nature were enlisted. They afterwards looked upon their want of success in hunting during that first winter as fortunate, since success in that direction might have diverted their minds somewhat from more important work. There was one clearly defined foundation principle, manifestly underlying all that these brothers did for the Indians — the principle of putting their mission work first.

In order to prosecute their work successfully they deemed it essential that they should fully understand the language, habits, customs, hopes, and fears of an Indian; that they should be able to talk like a native, walk like a native, and, as far as might be, live like one — on Indian fare, in an Indian tent, with Indians if need be. They held the work in which they were engaged in such paramount importance that the luxuries and comforts and even the very necessaries of life might be dispensed with in a measure, in the prosecution of it. Cold and hunger, danger and exposure, winter and starvation, were but light afflictions scarce worth remembering and not worthy to be mentioned, as were also treacherous dogs, innumerable fleas, and occasionally drunken Indians and Ojibway bullets. They feared no danger, counted no toil severe, reckoned nothing as worthy the name of hardship which they might encounter in the path which seemed to them the path of duty. By bearing in mind these facts, we shall be able to account in some measure for their years of service in Indian camps and lodges, and not otherwise.

The Indians were accustomed to give white men who lived among them names, generally suggested by some peculiarity of person or manners, though not always thus suggested. For instance, they called Mr. Sibley "The-tall-white-man"; another was "The-man-

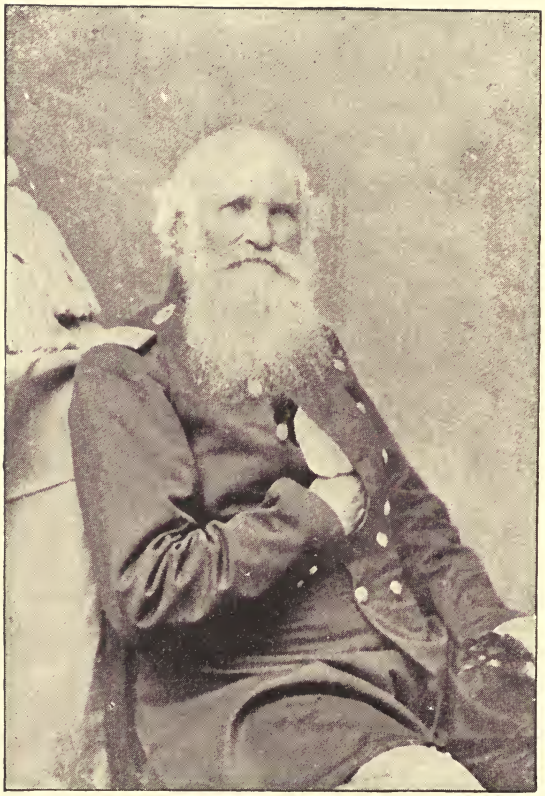
who-has-his-hand-bound." S. W. Pond, the Indians named Wamdee-doota (Red-Eagle), and G. H. Pond they named Mato-hota (Grizzly-Bear). Whether or not these names were suggested by real or supposed personal characteristics the writer cannot say, but by them the brothers were ever known among the Dakotas.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW LABORERS AND MODIFIED PLANS.

THE spring and summer of 1835 witnessed marked changes, at Fort Snelling, at the Indian village near Lake Calhoun, and finally at Lake Harriet. A new commandant, Major Gustavus Loomis, had arrived and assumed command at the fort the preceding summer. He was in some essential respects like the great Gustavus, who fell by the Great Stone, for he was very military and somewhat imperious; but he was a stanch Presbyterian and very friendly to the infant missionary enterprise. Of the change wrought by his influence at the garrison, Gideon Pond thus speaks, in a letter dated February 24, 1835:—

S—— has gone to the fort to spend the Sabbath. This is the third he has spent there. Thursday I go to attend prayer meeting. Perhaps you will be surprised that there should be prayer meetings at the garrison. I am, and can but say, "What hath God wrought." I should say there was a revival of religion there, but there was none there to revive, so I will rather say religion has just begun. Perhaps you have heard before now that an officer came here last summer who is a professor of religion, and there is no risk in saying that he is an active Christian. His wife and daughter too are Christians—three alone.



BRIG.-GEN'L G. A. LOOMIS.

Last summer, when we went to the fort, we used to visit him and unite in prayers, and now there are about fifteen who give good evidence of having passed from death unto life.

In May, Dr. Thomas S. Williamson and Alexander G. Huggins, with their wives and young children, arrived to share the work among the Dakotas, and were warmly welcomed by the Messrs. Pond. Mrs. Williamson was also accompanied by her sister, Miss Sarah Poage. Dr. Williamson had been practicing medicine in southern Ohio, where he had built up a substantial practice in a growing town, had already accumulated some property, and had good prospects of a successful career. His field and prospects he cheerfully abandoned for what he deemed a wider field of usefulness among the Dakotas. The remaining years of his long and busy life were spent in arduous labors for this savage people, seeking alike with untiring persistence their temporal and spiritual welfare. He rarely prayed in public, perhaps not in private, without introducing a fervent petition for the poor Indians, and his life was a reflection of his prayers.

Mr. Huggins came in the capacity of teacher and farmer, and with his bright and attractive young wife made a valuable addition to the band of laborers.

Soon after the arrival of Dr. Williamson and Mr. Huggins, Samuel Pond wrote home of the situation and prospects, under date of May 31 : —

Our prospects are encouraging. A great many Indians are collected around us who are in some measure dependent upon us, and we appear to be gaining their confidence and respect, a thing not easily done among Indians.

The Indian agent, who is an intelligent man, and very influential with the Indians, is still favorably disposed toward us. He visited the city of Washington last winter, where he says he tried to get a few hundred dollars appropriated for the purpose of paying us for our labors among the Indians, and to enable us to do still more for them, but it is doubtful about his succeeding. We have not needed help yet and I think there is a prospect that we shall not. Our wants will be supplied in the way that the Lord sees best.

There has been a great change in the condition of things since we arrived last spring. I knew of but one professor of religion here then, a woman. Now two of the most influential officers at the fort are decided Christians, also some of the soldiers, although some of the soldiers that I thought were Christians I have no hope of now. One missionary, Dr. Williamson, from Ohio, accompanied by a farmer, with their wives, has arrived here. I suppose they will build near us, for the Indians are leaving the other villages to come here, and they would be left alone if they should go anywhere else in this vicinity. . . .

Dr. Williamson is busily engaged in learning the language. He has a long job before him. I have had to labor under many disadvantages in learning the language which Dr. Williamson does not labor under, as I can tell him in a few minutes what it has cost me a long time to learn. . . .

I have always felt as if I had done right in coming here and would not leave it for any place in the world.

Dr. Williamson and Mr. Huggins remained but a short time in the vicinity of the fort, and then

ascended the Minnesota River to Lac Qui Parle, where they had determined to establish a station. Previous to their departure, however, the Rev. J. D. Stevens arrived at Fort Snelling, also under appointment from the American Board. He was at that time a licentiate.

After looking the ground over, Mr. Stevens selected a point on the northwestern shore of Lake Harriet as a suitable site for the buildings which he proposed to erect. It was a beautiful spot and not distant from the Indian village. Two buildings were erected, the mission house and a schoolhouse, the latter being the first building erected in the territory for school purposes.

On June 11 of that year a Presbyterian church was organized in one of the company rooms at Fort Snelling, and on the fourteenth of June, quoting the words of one who was in the military service at the fort, "The communion was administered for the first time in Minnesota to twenty-two persons of European extraction, composed of officers and soldiers of the garrison, those engaged in the fur trade, and the mission families." This church, the first church organized in Minnesota, was known as the Church of St. Peters. Seven of the original members were received on profession of their faith, the fruits of the revival the previous winter. Four ruling elders were chosen: namely, Major Loomis, H. H. Sibley,

S. W. Pond, and A. G. Huggins. On the twenty-ninth of May preceding, Lieutenant Ogden had been united in marriage to the daughter of Major Loomis, and on this occasion first sat at the table of the Lord.

Captain Loomis, at that time major by brevet, was a true friend of all the missionaries, and of the Messrs. Pond in particular, whom he ever aided with his counsel and influence. Lieutenant Ogden was their valued and familiar friend. The major's manner in prayer-meeting was somewhat military. "Nutt, pray," "Ogden, pray," was his usual method of directing his subordinates to take part in the service.

The church at this time organized, after two or three removals, became the First Presbyterian Church of Minneapolis, and will receive further notice later.

Some time during the month of July, Mr. Stevens moved his family to their new home on the shore of Lake Harriet. The mission house occupied almost the exact spot where thousands of the citizens of Minneapolis gather during the summer months for Sabbath recreation in the great pavilion. The Stevens family then consisted of Mr. Stevens, his wife and two boys, also Miss Cornelia Stevens, a niece.

Miss Stevens was at that time a young girl of sixteen, light-hearted, brilliant and witty, and also strikingly beautiful, if contemporary authorities may be relied on. It is no wonder that Miss Stevens shone forth

as a vision of beauty among the homesick sojourners on the upper Mississippi. It required no small degree of self-denial for delicately nurtured women, accustomed to the comforts of civilized life and the advantages of cultured society, to abandon them all for a home in an Indian village at that time, and nothing but the heroic devotion and Christian fortitude which characterized these noble women among the early missionaries could have made the life endurable. Their chosen life was one of danger as well as toil, and it is not surprising that several of the number did not live beyond comparative youth.

Miss Stevens was so young when she came among the Dakotas that she learned their language with comparative ease, and spoke it more fluently and accurately than any other of the missionary women. She also had the advantage of natural quickness in learning languages, which enabled her to acquire a fluent use of the French, an acquisition which aided her in supporting her family in later years.

Of the employments of this summer, Samuel Pond writes in a letter for the home circle, dated September 25, 1835 : —

> Mr. Stevens is building about a mile from us, on the opposite side of the Indian village. Gideon has worked for him most of the time since he began to build. I stay at home alone and spend my time in taking care of our field and learning the language.

We planted about three acres of corn, and it is now about ripe. I think it about the best I ever saw. We have a very large crop of potatoes and are able to supply Mr. Stevens with all he wants for his workmen, and shall, I hope, have many for the Indians to plant next spring. . . .

It is about one year since I wrote you saying that perhaps at some future time I might visit home. It still seems probable to me that I shall if I live, but it will not be soon. I know more of the Indian language than any one else attached to the mission, and unless something extraordinary should occur, I shall probably maintain the start which I have now. So long as this is the case, I cannot leave this place, for others will be in some measure dependent upon me until elementary books are prepared. It requires close application and patient perseverance to learn an unwritten language, and I hope you will pray for me that I may feel the importance of learning it, for unless I do I shall make but little progress.

This letter concludes with an expression of surprise that the friends in Washington should suppose that the brothers were afraid of the Indians, since they have reason to believe that they have more influence with the Indians than their chiefs have; and also with some expression of the sense of responsibility resting upon the writer, situated as he then was in the midst of a benighted pagan people perishing for the knowledge of the way of salvation.

Gideon Pond's labors for Mr. Stevens that summer were gratuitous. In the fall, when the corn was gathered from the little clearing by the Lake Calhoun cabin, part was sold to Mr. Sibley, and the

rest, together with a quantity of potatoes, their cow, and some other property, the Pond brothers turned over to Mr. Stevens to become the property of the mission. For this property they received no remuneration, and yet were richer than when they arrived in the country in 1834.

As winter drew near, Mr. Stevens insisted upon their abandoning their cabin and removing to his station at Lake Harriet. This they were unwilling to do. It cost them a severe struggle to abandon their field and cabin, which represented so much toil, and where they also had such flattering prospects of usefulness, and remove to a new place to form new associations, which might prove neither congenial nor helpful.

On the other hand, Mr. Stevens contended that, as they had favored his building at Lake Harriet, they were in a measure responsible for his success, and that the Indians would not leave Lake Calhoun village so long as they remained at their cabin. This was probably true, and they finally reluctantly consented to leave their little field and beloved cabin; and while Gideon continued with Mr. Stevens, Samuel Pond went with the Indians on their early winter hunt in pursuit of deer.

The hunting party went up the Mississippi, as far as the present site of Anoka, and then ascended the

Rum River, going about ten days' journey, although the distance traveled each day was small. There were fifty men in the company and they were of course accompanied by their families, so that the party was quite a large one. They removed as often as scarcity of game made removals necessary.

Speaking of that journey, Mr. Pond said years afterward: —

> The language was the game I went to hunt, and I was as eager in the pursuit of that as the Indians were in pursuit of deer. To me it was no pleasure excursion, and I am glad it is among the things that are past. I carried no book except the Bible, and there was no agreeable society to make me forget the discomforts which annoyed me. The society of the Indians and dogs was not always agreeable, and they were not the only inhabitants of the tents. More than once in winter weather I have gone to a distance from the tents and, kindling a fire, stripped off my garments and held them in the blaze until I thought the inhabitants were singed out of them. But these annoyances, and others worse than these, were endurable; and this seemed to be the quickest and indeed the only way to become thoroughly acquainted with the language, habits, and character of the Indians. What I learned about them at that time was of great advantage to me afterwards in dealing with them.

The mode of life was substantially the same from day to day. The tents then used in winter were of dressed buffalo skins, and were habitable in severe winter weather only as a blazing fire was kept burning within. The fire was in the middle of the conical-

shaped tent and the smoke — some of it — escaped through a hole left open at the top or apex of the cone.

Fresh meat was the only food, and often there was but little of that. It was of course eaten without salt or other seasoning. The entire company, save very little children, small enough to be carried on the backs of their mothers, made the journey on foot.

The month spent in this way taught the eager student much of Indian character, habits, and life. Many of their peculiar religious feasts were observed by the Indians, and to nearly all of them the white guest was invited. The strict military regulations governing hunting parties, by which their movements were regulated and controlled, received such practical demonstration as they could not receive in the peaceful pursuits of off-duty periods. It was only by thus associating with the Indians, enduring their daily toils, and entering into their daily pursuits, that their confidence could at that time be fully gained.

After a month of this mode of life, Mr. Pond suddenly determined to return to Lake Calhoun. Having made all his preparations before mentioning to the chief his purpose, he left the camp far up on Rum River, to undertake a journey of sixty miles or more, in midwinter, through an unknown and trackless region. The chief naturally objected strongly. He said it was not safe to attempt the trip and that

he should be blamed if any misfortune occurred to his guest on the journey. Finding his objections of no avail, he gave the white man some excellent advice about the care of his hands and feet, and, soon after he was gone, sent his brother to follow and accompany Mr. Pond back to the lake. The chief's brother followed the track a half day's journey, then returned to camp, saying the white man's steps were so long that he became discouraged.

The first night on the return a fire was built with the aid of flint and fire-steel, and a camp made on Rum River. The next day the mouth of the river was reached, and the stream was found to be not frozen over, on account of the rapidity of the current. Mr. Pond carefully made his way on the ice around the mouth of the stream, testing the ice frequently with a hatchet which he carried. He continued down the east bank of the Mississippi all day and far into the night, until he heard the roar of St. Anthony Falls, which afforded the first definite indication of his locality. Waiting there until the moon rose, he crossed a short distance above the falls, and, passing over the wild site of the present city of Minneapolis, just at break of day, tired and hungry, he reached the cabin at Lake Calhoun.

He found there some wood which Gideon had prepared in anticipation of his arrival, and, having

kindled a fire and eaten some parched corn, his first meal in twenty-four hours, he laid himself down and soundly slept, for he had left his underclothing in the last fire kindled on the way home — a sort of general cremation.

During his absence Gideon Pond had a very narrow escape from drowning in Lake Harriet. Running across the lake one morning to feed the cattle which were kept on the side opposite the mission, he found himself on thin ice before he suspected his danger, and broke through. The water was deep and no help near, and the only way to escape was to continue breaking the ice with his hands until ice sufficiently strong to bear his weight was reached. This he finally succeeded in doing, but only after a long, exhausting, and almost hopeless struggle. His escape was doubtless due, under Providence, to his extraordinary skill as a swimmer, his wonderful determination and energy, and his young and vigorous frame. An Indian was drowned in precisely similar circumstances, except that the Indian had two knives to assist him in climbing.

After Mr. Pond's return from the hunting trip, he prepared in manuscript a few simple lessons in Dakota, and Miss Cornelia Stevens commenced to teach the Indian children in their native tongue. There was also, not long afterwards, a small boarding school

started for the special benefit of the daughters of the fur traders. Among those who attended were Mary Mooers, Lucy Prescott, and others. With these first attempts to teach the Indians in their own language the year 1835 closed.

Much preliminary work had been done, the Indians were friendly, and prospects for success at the Lake Harriet station were encouraging in many respects. In January, 1836, the Rev. Mr. Stevens wrote to the Missionary Board at Boston: "Mr. Samuel Pond is assiduously employed in preparing a small spelling book, which we may forward next mail for printing." This was the first work ever printed in the Dakota language.

In February, 1836, a letter home still further describes matters at the mission: —

If you knew all the dealings of the Lord with us since we left you, I think you would praise him on our account. We both enjoy good health and have a good home, but we are strangers on earth, and I expect to start to-morrow with the Indians on their spring hunt. I was with them one month last fall. We went ten days' journey to the east, hunting deer. We did not go far in a day, however, and I came back in two days and one night.

I go with the Indians because I can learn the language much faster when I am with them and do not speak English. It is a great undertaking to learn an unwritten language, and the Sioux is peculiarly hard. The missionaries among the Chippeways, although they have been among them many years, can none of them speak it well enough to preach. It is easier than the Sioux,

I am told by those who speak both. Gideon and I have made good progress in learning the Sioux.

Missionaries do not think it their duty to live with Indians in order to learn their language, though I believe the missionaries to the Pawnees do so. It is *my* duty to do so. It is disagreeable living with them, but the Lord is with me, and whatever circumstances we are in, while in him confiding we cannot but rejoice. . . .

Three hundred dollars annually have been appropriated for the support of our school. If we get it, and it is prudently managed, it will be enough.

They never got any part of this appropriation, as it fell into other hands. The foregoing letter concludes with a few verses on the peace enjoyed by the Christian, and came near being the last the author should ever write, as the following chapter will relate.

CHAPTER VII.

A PERILOUS WINTER JOURNEY.

DURING the winter of 1836, Dr. Williamson wrote the brothers Pond, urging that one of them should remove to Lac Qui Parle and aid him in the study of the language. Gideon Pond was disposed to go, but wished first to know what his work would be in the event of his going. It was therefore decided that the older brother should go first and look the ground over before any decisive step should be taken. In the stormy and often severe month of February, immediately after writing the letter from which extracts have been made, he left Lake Harriet for Lac Qui Parle. He was at first accompanied by a party of Lake Calhoun Indians starting on their spring hunt.

The distance to Dr. Williamson's station was about two hundred miles, and between Lake Harriet and the former place there were three trading posts, all on the Minnesota River. These posts were at Little Rapids, Traverse des Sioux, and Little Rock. The snow was deep and the journey was to be made on

foot. Mr. Pond had no knowledge of the section of country to be traversed, save such information as he had been able to gather by conversing with the Indians. The summer road was a well-beaten track, but crossed extensive prairies, and was now covered with snow.

The party left Lake Harriet one Friday morning, and Mr. Pond, strapping his blanket and buffalo robe on his back, started on what proved a perilous journey. The weather was intensely cold. The first night a camp was made a few miles below Shakpé's village, the present site of Shakopee, but it was too cold to sleep much. The next morning Mr. Pond started in advance with an Indian, to kindle a fire for the party at a point of wood. When the party came up, the children were crying and the women wailing on account of the cold. That night Mr. Pond found his face frozen, for the first and only time. They reached that night the Little Rapids, the present site of Carver, where Oliver Faribault at that time had a trading post, and all remained there over Sunday.

On Monday they reached the Big Woods, between Belle Plaine and Le Sueur, where Mr. Pond left the hunting party and went on to Traverse des Sioux. He was kindly received and entertained by Philander Prescott, one of the traders at that place.

On the other side of the Minnesota was the store of Louis Provençal, who was generally called Le

Blanc. This man, Le Blanc, was a French Canadian, who had spent most of his life among the Dakotas, but was as polite in his manners as if all his life had been spent in Paris. He could neither read nor write, but kept his accounts by means of picture writing. He said this method answered his purpose, but might not be readily understood by others in the event of his sudden death. A cluster of dots represented powder, and straight marks in the margin indicated the number of cups of powder charged. For an axe, gun, trap, or knife a picture of the article was made. The pictures were rude, but easily recognized. Still the old man, with all his ingenuity, could not overcome the difficulty presented by the names of some of his customers. Some gave him no trouble. For Eagle Head, he made a man with the head of an eagle; but Whistling-Wind, Spirit-Walker, Iron-Lightning, Thunder-Face, and other like names, it was difficult to represent by drawings. His attempts to represent things neither in the heavens above nor in the earth beneath were very amusing. Mr. Pond, at his request, wrote down in his books these difficult names for him.

From this point, Mr. Pond's narrative is quoted: —

"The distance from the Traverse to Little Rock was fifty miles. Two Canadians had come down from there for corn. They had a horse and train, which is

a long wide board bent up at the forward end so that when the snow is hard it slides along very well. The load is lashed to the train with cords. I proposed to accompany these men to Little Rock on their return. On Friday we started, Mrs. Prescott having given me a small loaf of bread, sufficient for myself alone. When we stopped at noon I found that my fellow travelers had nothing with them but raw corn, and shared with them my loaf, expecting to share with them afterwards; but when night came, not feeling well, I laid myself down for the night before the corn was boiled, and in the morning it was hard frozen, so we left camp for the day's journey without eating. About noon the horse gave out and the men prepared to camp.

"The next day was Sunday, therefore I hurried on fasting to Mr. Mooers', at Little Rock. Mr. Mooers, I found on my arrival, was entirely without food, and he and his family were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their supply train. It was found, however, that a certain Frenchman had a small quantity of choice seed corn, which could only be eaten on condition that Mr. Mooers would agree to replace it with similar corn. This Mr. Mooers promised to do. The corn was accordingly ground in a hand mill and baked into a cake. This by no means satisfied us. I saw hickory chips which the family had boiled to obtain

nourishment. Toward evening of the Sabbath the Frenchmen arrived with the corn and some Indians came in with muskrats, so we had corn and muskrats for supper.

"In the evening a young man came in and danced one of the Dakota dances, the 'bear dance.' His dancing did not please me so well as that of the daughter of Herodias pleased Herod, and I mention it only because this man became my companion in my journey to Lac Qui Parle. His name was Má-Ma. He was about to go to Lac Qui Parle, and would be my guide.

"I agreed to give him a blanket when we reached the end of our journey, on condition that he carry my buffalo robe and make the camp fires. Mr. Mooers told me nothing about the man, perhaps knew nothing about him, but his reputation must have been bad, for when our Indians heard that I had started with him, they said he would kill me before we reached the lake. He was a vagabond, with no home nor friends, but the chief difficulty was that he lacked common sense. If he had not been a fool, I should have had no trouble with him.

"For provisions, Mrs. Mooers gave us each a small corn cake, baked in a frying pan, one-half or three-fourths of an inch in thickness. This was an exceedingly small provision for such a journey to be made

on foot, but Mrs. Mooers probably thought that Má-Ma, who had a gun, might kill some game.

"We walked fast all day Monday, making a long day's journey and camping at Beaver Creek that night. Má-Ma ate his bread up that evening, and knowing that if I reserved any part of mine I would be expected to share it, I followed his example; and indeed it was not a difficult task after an all day's march through the snow. I then supposed we were halfway to Lac Qui Parle, and knew I could go a day or two without food. I was misled by Mr. Mooers' statements in regard to the length of the road. He said he had known men to go through in two days, but it must have been in long summer days and by the summer road, which was shorter, but not safe to travel in winter, for there was a long distance where there was no timber.

"We had not traveled far Tuesday when Má-Ma complained of inflammation of the eyes, commonly called snow-blindness, and soon, lying down on the snow, refused to go farther. I took the buffalo robe, for he would not trust me with his gun, and tried to get him started, telling him it would storm soon; but when he got up he wasted much time looking for some lodges which he thought must be near. We made a very short journey that day and encamped at the Hawk River, which the Indian said was the

Chippewa. As the mouth of the Chippewa is not more than ten miles from Lac Qui Parle, I began to suspect, what I afterward found to be true, that Má-Ma knew nothing at all about the country.

"That evening I felt sharp pains in my eyes, and, profiting by Mr. Mooers' advice, I lay down on my back and applied snow to them until the pain was gone and they were well.

"That night it snowed and put out our camp fire, and in the morning was still snowing; but as we had no food and had eaten nothing since Monday, it being now Wednesday, there seemed to be no way but to go on, which we did, the Indian going before. Before going far, we came to the same stream which we had left in the morning, and the guide acknowledged that he was lost. It was still snowing hard, and I told him we were only wasting our strength by wandering about we knew not whither.

"We were not far from the Minnesota River, but Má-Ma affirmed it was a great way off. We made a fire beside a large tree and sat down by it, having wrapped our blankets about us, and so waited for the storm to abate. It continued to snow hard all day and the storm was succeeded by a blizzard that lasted twenty-four hours, filling the air with snow so that we could see but a few feet. It also became exceedingly cold. All day Thursday we could do nothing

better than wrap ourselves in our blankets, sit still, and meditate. Judging from the specimens of his meditations with which my guide favored me, they were not of a pleasant character. He was bewildered and stupefied most of the time. He was sure we should perish, and laid all the blame on me because I had ventured on such a hazardous journey. He spent much time crying. I tried to encourage him and sometimes he would cheer up and say he was glad I kept up such good spirits.

"I had taken cold during the storm, and on Thursday felt very weak from the effects of it. About sunset that day the wind ceased blowing. Our fire was going out and our stock of fuel was exhausted. I told Má-Ma to get wood, but he refused until I finally took my hatchet, pulled the robe off from him, and told him to start. We soon collected a supply of fuel for the night.

"Friday morning was clear and pleasant, and we prepared for a start; but Má-Ma declared he would go back, and only consented to go forward on condition that I would go before and break the path. The Indian, however, soon passed me, as I was still weak and obliged to stop often to rest. I supposed that my guide had gone on and left me, but about noon I overtook him.

"We were now in sight of the Minnesota or St.

Peters River, but Má-Ma declared it was not the Minnesota, and he would go no farther. I should have gone on, but did not feel able to carry the buffalo skin, and was unwilling to be without it at night. I was still very weak from the effects of my cold, and also extremely thirsty, but could get no water. I suffered that day more from thirst than hunger. I tried to chop a hole through the ice with my hatchet, but it was very thick; and after chopping till I was tired, I drove a large dirk knife into the ice and broke it, and then gave up the attempt, wishing to reserve my strength for something else. I found a good camping place by a large old tree, of which only the north side was left.

"That night each of us slept — if we slept at all — with one eye open. I knew that my companion was very much afraid he should starve to death, and could save his life by taking mine. I also knew that he was not too good to murder me, and could do it with perfect safety, since the wolves leave nothing but bones, and there would be no indication that murder had been committed. He had a gun and I only a hatchet, so that I seemed to be in his power; but he had carried his gun through the storm and it would probably have missed fire, so that my weapon was on the whole the best. I do not think he discovered that I was afraid of him, and I think he had some super-

stitious fears of me and my Bible. Saturday morning he was very cross, tried to pick a quarrel, and drew the charge from his gun as soon as it was light. I said little to him, for I saw that he meditated mischief. He said he should go no farther, to which I made no reply.

"I did not wait for him to reload his gun. I did not expect to need a buffalo robe or fire any more on that journey, and made up my mind to use what strength I had left, believing that if I failed to reach Lac Qui Parle before dark, it would make but little difference how or where I passed the night, for my journeyings would all be ended. I took only my hatchet and blanket, and parted from my companion without regret.

"Where I left Má-Ma the river was straight for a hundred rods or more, and so far he could see me. While in sight I walked very slowly, for I wished him to think he could overtake me when he pleased; but when I had passed the bend in the river, I quickened my pace and found I could walk quite rapidly.

"I had recovered from my indisposition, and felt better than I had done for several days. I was surprised that I could walk so fast, for Thursday and Friday I had supposed my strength was nearly exhausted. After going a short distance I saw where a wolf had drunk at a spring by the bank. I drank

also and was much refreshed by it. I drank again where the snow had melted in the cavity of a rock, and this water was a great help to me. That was the fifth day I had been without eating, yet my sufferings from hunger were not at all severe. I remember thinking that I had often suffered much more from the toothache. Neither were my mental sufferings acute, for I thought I should soon reach Lac Qui Parle or — heaven.

"We were below the mouth of the Pejutazi, or Yellow Medicine, Saturday morning, and must have been thirty miles or more from the end of our journey. A little after noon I found a good-sized stream coming in from the north, which I thought must be the Chippewa River. Mr. Mooers had told me that it was but three miles from the Chippewa to the mission, which was true of the crossing by the summer road, but not of the mouth of the stream. I ascended the bluff expecting to see the lake before me, but no lake was in sight, although I could see six miles. I felt at that time more discouraged than at any time before. I had walked that forenoon, through the deep snow, much of the way following the bends of the river, from near the Yellow Medicine to the mouth of the Chippewa, a distance of fully thirty miles, and my strength was nearly exhausted. If that were the Chippewa, where was the lake? If it were not the Chippewa, where was I?

"Just then I spied a horse with a yearling colt, feeding by the Minnesota, but it seemed improbable that I could catch them, and it had cost me a great deal of labor to climb the bluff. I was afraid I should lose time and labor in going down on the bottom land where the snow was deeper than on the edge of the bluff; I however decided to try the horses.

"As I approached them they moved away, but when I held out a handful of dry grass, they let me come near enough to seize a short rope that was on the larger one's neck. My first thought when I caught the rope was that if compelled to be out another night, I would tie the colt to a tree and kill it for food.

"The horse was not a pony but a tall animal, and I was afraid I should not be able to mount him; but I did so without difficulty and found I had a fleet and powerful animal under me. Without much urging he set off at full gallop, and I soon found food and shelter at the home of Alexander G. Huggins.

"Má-Ma followed my track and got there some time that night. I tried to send the Indians after him, but he had lied to me about his name, and as they knew no Indian of the name given, they would not look for him. I heard that he was killed soon after. I never knew just how far we traveled that last day. It might have been forty miles. I know that I walked fast and rode fast from daylight to

dark. We had been fasting, but we had been resting too, and our lives were at stake. Má-Ma was a rapid walker, and showed no signs of weakness.

"I never considered the privations of that journey peculiarly severe, and they seem to me now hardly worth relating. I am afraid I have told the story too many times already. It seems to me like a worn-out story, but I have told it for the last time."

The above was written at the request of the writer, in 1891, the last year of Mr. Pond's life.

Mr. Renville, who owned the horses above mentioned, saw a special providence in the fact that of all his twenty-five or thirty horses, the only ones which could be caught should have left the herd at that particular time when there was special need of their services. Those best acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Indian horses will be most surprised at the easy capture of this particular specimen.

Speaking of this trip and others of similar nature, Mr. Pond said many years afterward: —

"It seems strange to me now that we could perform these journeys, exposed to the fiercest storms, sleeping out in the coldest nights with no protection from the inclemency of the weather except the clothing we wore by day and a blanket or buffalo skin; but in

fact we did not expect to be comfortable. If we could avoid freezing, it was about all that we hoped for. When we encamped for the night, the first thing to be done was to scrape away the snow with our feet, kindle a fire with steel and flint, and gather wood enough to keep it burning till morning. We then sat by the fire with our blankets on our shoulders until we were sleepy. We then drew ourselves into as small a compass as possible, so that we could wrap our blankets all about us, leaving out neither our heads nor our feet. Our naps were short, for either the cold or our cramped position would soon awaken us. Stirring up the fire we then sat by it until we were again sleepy. Thus we spent the night, alternately sleeping and waking till the welcome daylight came, when we could resume our journey and warm ourselves with exercise. I have spent more than one night thus alone, yet not entirely alone, for I was serenaded by wolves."

But slow progress was being made at Lac Qui Parle in the work of acquiring the use of the Dakota tongue, which is not to be wondered at when the difficulties encountered are considered. Dr. Williamson was a patient and thorough student, and applied himself to his work with unwearied diligence; but while he could learn a language with a good degree of facility when aided by grammar and lexicon, without

these aids he made slow progress. Still, what he lacked in quickness he largely made up in perseverance. Mrs. Huggins was learning to talk with the Indians and made rapid progress, for she was young, quick to learn, and her house was constantly filled with Indians.

It was soon decided that Gideon should remove to Lac Qui Parle the following spring.

After remaining at the lake a short time, Samuel Pond returned on foot, leaving the station in the latter part of March, stopping for a time at the Indian camp a short distance from where Fort Ridgely was afterwards built, on the south side of the Minnesota River. The Lake Calhoun Indians were there for the purpose of spearing and trapping muskrats.

Here Mr. Pond for the first time found himself unable to conform to Indian modes of life. The Indians were living altogether on the flesh of muskrats, for they were too intent on obtaining furs to spend their time on other game. A hungry man may eat muskrats in winter with a good relish, as Mr. Pond had already proven by experience; but the weather was now warm, and the season that in which the rats are most fragrant, as all rat hunters know, and the ghastly heaps of carcasses, denuded of their skins, lying before the door of each tent, were not

only offensive to the sight but "emitted an offensive odor which was borne on every breeze and tainted all the air."

Mr. Pond stayed there a few days, hoping hunger would give him an appetite, but hoping in vain. One evening a young man gave him a loon's egg, "a delicious morsel," and the following morning he left the camp for Mr. Mooers' trading post. From that point, in company with a Frenchman and an Indian, he walked to the Traverse in a single day, a distance of fifty miles, much of the way through melting snow and icy water. His companions did not care to resume the journey on the following day. From that place he walked to Lake Harriet, and soon afterward Gideon H. Pond went to Lac Qui Parle, where he remained three years.

It was now the spring of 1836. The brothers had been nearly two years in the Indian country, and had laid solid foundations for future successful work, both in the line of becoming acquainted with the Indians, their language and habits, character and modes of thought, and also in acquiring the favor, confidence, and respect of a large number of Indians with whom they had come in contact. Their separation and removal just at this time, when so nearly equipped for their work among the Lake Calhoun Indians, seems, from a human point of view, unfortunate.

Mr. Stevens' presence at Lake Harriet was the immediate occasion of this separation, but doubtless the unseen hand which guided their footsteps to the shores of Lake Calhoun made no mistakes in the subsequent moves, which human foresight could neither predict nor understand.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT LAC QUI PARLE.

THE mission station at Lac Qui Parle was fortunate in the enjoyment of the aid, protection, and patronage of Joseph Renville, the most influential man, by far, in all that region. He was at that time, 1836, somewhat past his prime, though still a man of great energy, and still exercising marvelous authority over the Indians of the upper Minnesota. His mother was a Dakota and his father is said to have been a fur trader, perhaps a half-breed. In the years Mr. Renville had spent in the trade at Lac Qui Parle, he had accumulated quite an amount of property and a large retinue of followers, so that in some respects he lived like a baron of the feudal period, and many of the features of his establishment remind one of Walter Scott's vivid descriptions of life on the border in a past age.

Mr. Renville was somewhat narrow in his views and dictatorial in his manners, but on the whole rendered good service to the mission.

Dr. Williamson and wife, and Miss Poage, with Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, formed the mission force at

that place in 1836, before the arrival of Mr. Pond, in April.

During that summer, he, with the aid of a French laborer, sawed by hand boards to cover the mission house at Lac Qui Parle. Mr. G. H. Pond, during the whole course of his life, was never known to refuse any burden of toil or hardship, whether in the line of manual labor or personal exposure, which seemed to lie in his path, but it is evident that during this period he felt very keenly the fact that his time was taken up so entirely by exhausting manual labor that he had neither time nor opportunity to seek the spiritual interests of the Dakotas and was thus cut off from the work which he loved so well.

He was at this time in advance of his associates at that station in knowledge of the Dakotas and personal influence with them, and in the use of the Dakota language it was admitted by all that he acquired the ability to speak it more like a Dakota than any other white man among them.

During the winter of 1836–37, and also the following winter, translations of portions of the New Testament were obtained from Mr. Renville. The portion to be translated was read to him from the French Bible, which he understood; he then translated the passage into Dakota, and the passage was written down from his dictation. In this work Mr. Pond

labored with Dr. Williamson. He also became intimately acquainted with a good many of the more thoughtful among the Indians, and labored with untiring zeal for their conversion. Among the very interesting relics of that period is a slip of paper bearing the names of five Indians with this simple endorsement: "The names of persons for whose conversion I pray daily." It would be interesting to trace the subsequent history of those for whom such special intercession was made, but the result of those labors and prayers will not be fully revealed until the Book of Remembrance is opened.

June 30, 1837, G. H. Pond commenced a private diary, which he intended to destroy when it had served its purpose: namely, to aid him in his Christian life. Through the persuasion of others, he was induced to preserve a part of this, from which a good many interesting facts have been gleaned. The following are extracts: —

Monday, July 3. Spent from eleven till half-past one in looking over with Wamndi-Okiye (Eagle Help) some simple translations I made Saturday.

Thursday, 13. I ought to feel very thankful that God has given me the opportunity to collect two or three words to-day. I feel that my responsibilities increase with every word which I learn, or might learn and do not.

July 14. Preparing boards for the floor — a work which is in itself most disagreeable, trying, and tedious; yet I feel grateful

because I have been favored to-day with the company of Indians, and though I have been engaged in manual labor, have, I hope, been able to learn some.

Monday, 31. Have spent most of the day with the Indians. Had a long interview with Wanmdi-Okiye (wamdee-okeeye) and tried to tell him why Christ died, and why it is necessary that men should be made new in the temper of their minds; the dangers of self-deception, the wickedness of forsaking God; also some of his attributes. . . .

Friday, 11. The Indians came to dance to us to-day, and we considered it to be our duty to grievously offend them by disregarding them; the house, however, shook to their praise. [This dance is a begging ceremony.]

Monday, 14. To-day we have had a new exhibition of the gratitude of these degraded heathen by a letter from the principal chief at this village, written by Wanmdi-Okiye, reproaching us, not in anger but with savage mildness, because we teach that we should love others as ourselves, and do not share with them what we ourselves possess. May I have grace to count the reproaches of Christ among these heathen greater riches than the pleasant society of New England Christians, and give them no occasion justly to reproach. May I walk circumspectly, as the eyes of all are upon me, watching for an inconsistent word or action. Above all things, may I have a lively faith in those things which, being unseen, can exert no influence except through faith.

[1838.] July 13. The Indians are much terrified, supposing a man and woman will come here who have survived the smallpox.

August 18, 1837, he writes in a letter: —

Some of the boys here have learned to read and write their own language very well, and very often ask to be taught God's Word, saying they will follow it. Others are growing up in ignorance, as did their fathers and mothers, who, perhaps for fear they will

be taught another religion than their own, do not wish them to be taught by the missionaries. A number of men have learned to read, and write also, but as yet we have no books. Some of them are very anxious to learn to write, because they think that what they beg in writing they will be sure to obtain, and are not unfrequently much vexed because denied. Others are equally anxious to learn in order to become wise, and hope to become enriched in some way by the Book. A few are anxious to learn what is in the Bible, and urge me in learning their language that I may tell them, and when I tell them anything are not satisfied unless I write it down for them, because they cannot otherwise remember it. Particularly is this true of Wanmdi-Okiye. He seems to appreciate the art of reading better than most of them.

November 1, 1837. [Journal.] I was married this afternoon at three to Miss Sarah Poage, by Rev. Stephen R. Riggs. The guests were the members of the mission, Mr. Renville's family, and a number of Indians. I trust our Saviour was with us by his Spirit in our hearts.

The lady who thus became Mrs. G. H. Pond was a woman of a modest, unassuming character, but most self-denying and exemplary in her Christian life. She was in many respects much like her sister, Mrs. Dr. Williamson, and, like her, much beloved by all who knew her. One who was present at that wedding ceremony speaks of it as an occasion when the poor, the maimed, and the lame were entertained according to the Saviour's injunction. Mr. Riggs, who performed the ceremony, had arrived at Lac Qui Parle a short time before with his young wife, having been sent out to reinforce the laborers who were already in the field.

The winter which followed the events last mentioned was largely taken up in obtaining translations and such other labors as the season and circumstances made necessary.

Desiring to add to his knowledge of the habits of the Indians in their hunts, and to gain a fuller understanding of their manner of life and motives, April 1, 1838, G. H. Pond left Lac Qui Parle to accompany a party on their spring hunt. Mr. Pond, to use his own expression, wished to "find what was inside of an Indian," and it is safe to conclude that he learned at least how a white man feels when undergoing the perils, hardship, and exposure attending the life of a savage.

Leaving Lac Qui Parle they ascended the Chippewa, intending to join other Indians who were hunting in that section. Mr. Pond carried no baggage but a blanket. The first night they "lay down empty," to use a Dakota expression, signifying that no game has been killed and the party go to bed hungry. They slept on the banks of the Chippewa, not taking time to erect tents. Mr. Pond had a little food, taken from home, which he shared with his companions.

Next morning they came in their journey to a stream which, ordinarily little more than a brooklet, was so swollen by rains and melting snows that it was scarcely fordable. The Indians delayed some time on

the bank, trying to devise some plan for crossing, each waiting for another to lead the way. The water was cold, as might have been expected, it being the second day of April, and it came up to the shoulders of a man. The young wife of one member of the party was too short to ford the river herself alone, and so clung with her brown arms to the neck of her husband while he waded over. The baggage, carried on the head and supported by the hands, was all taken over dry, and, the water being wrung from the clothes of the party, they were soon ready to resume their march.

At the forks of the Chippewa the stream was full, and the afternoon was spent in crossing over in a small canoe belonging to Tatemima (Round-Wind), who was then encamped on the farther bank. Round-Wind's tent was of the ordinary dimensions, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, with the fire in the center. Besides the baggage of the family, and numerous dogs, the tent that night lodged fifteen persons, besides the numerous minor inhabitants always found in Indian tents, but who, while drawing regular rations, are never numbered on the census rolls.

At this place Wanmdi-Okiye (Eagle Help) made a small canoe for muskrat hunting, delaying the party two days. The evening of the first day, Little Crow, then a young man, and his wife, whom he had lately taken, brought in about half a bushel of young turtles

which they had found sunning themselves along the shores of the river and lakes. Another brought in an otter; another a crane and two or three ducks. These were to supply supper and breakfast for the whole party. Little Crow was the one who figured so prominently as leader of the hostiles in the massacre of 1862, and was afterward shot.

It was painful to see the turtles cooked in Indian style, alive. At first they appeared well contented with their bath, but as the heated water approached the boiling point they became restless, and it was sport for the Indians, large and small, to beat them back as they attempted to escape over the sides of the kettle. They were finally boiled and served up in wooden dishes with the water in which they had been scalded to death for broth.

Round-Wind's wife, who was the hostess, and very respectful to her white guest, took particular care to wipe out his dish first with a dry wisp of grass taken from under the mat on which she sat and slept, and afterwards with the corner of her short gown, which she had worn for six months or more, night and day, without washing. Having thus cleaned the dish, she put into it a turtle and some of the before-mentioned broth and set it before her guest. Pity and some other contending emotions seriously affected the white man's appetite.

When the canoe was finished, Eagle Help and wife continued up the left branch of the Chippewa to a point fifteen miles distant, where six families of Indians were encamped. It was now Friday, and that night the persons above mentioned — namely, Eagle Help and companions, including Mr. Pond — slept on a little hill covered with oaks. They had a goose for supper, cooked in the Indian manner, the entrails being roasted in the coals and eaten while the goose was being boiled. Saturday morning, having breakfasted on what remained from their supper, they continued their march and made camp early, and thus closed a weary week.

The tepees stood on the shore of a lake bordered by trees, and the country around was well wooded. There were also many lakes near, which made it a good hunting ground.

Sabbath morning Iron-Heart was sent to the forks of the Chippewa to borrow Round-Wind's horse to haul a canoe from the lake to the river. As food was scarce, the Indians moved their camp, leaving Mr. Pond behind to rest on the Sabbath and rejoin them on the following day. He had a muskrat for breakfast.

The lakes froze over and the ducks disappeared, so that from Monday to Thursday in Cloud-Man's tent there was nothing to eat except one duck and a few

groundnuts and some dead fish which the Indians gathered on the lake shore and pronounced good.

Thursday, three of the tepees removed to the river and Iron-Heart came with the horses, accompanied by Round-Wind; but the principal cause of rejoicing was that Red Fisher's son had killed a goose. All the men, seven in number, made their supper from that goose, and Mr. Pond thought it the best meal he had eaten since the muskrat on Sunday.

Friday morning there was nothing to eat, and all the Indians started early on their hunt except Round-Wind, who went back to the lake for the canoe, but soon returned without it, bringing the startling intelligence that in the night the Ojibways had killed all of the inmates of the tents left behind on Thursday. Mr. Pond and Round-Wind went at once to the place where lay the scalped and mangled remains of their companions of the day before. They had no tools but a hoe and a clam shell, and with these they dug a hole in the earth and packed the bodies, limbs, and severed heads of the dead, seven in number, in it and hastily covered them with their buffalo-skin tent. It was found that two of those who occupied the tents that night had escaped.

It appears that the Ojibway chief, Hole-in-the-day, with a small party, had visited the tents in the evening, professing peace. The Dakotas, having killed a dog,

feasted them, and later in the night the Ojibways rose upon their entertainers and killed them. Mr. Pond had not a favorable opinion of Round-Wind's character, and when years afterward he was condemned to death for his part in the outbreak of 1862, thought quite probably the sentence was a just one; but of his fertility of resource and entire self-possession at this trying time he always spoke in the highest terms, saying that his good conduct then showed that a bad man might sometimes do the right thing.

After having given their late companions the best burial they were able, Round-Wind and Mr. Pond ascended a neighboring hill, where the Indian gave the customary and understood signals with his blanket, for the benefit of any Dakotas who might be near enough to see them and take warning, and then, with the utmost dispatch, the burial party returned to the camp, which they reached about noon. They found the tents down and everything in readiness to start for home. A boiled goose egg had been kindly kept for Mr. Pond, and when he had eaten that, Round-Wind made him mount his horse and took him to the forks of the Chippewa. Safely across, he made his way on foot toward Lac Qui Parle. That night he forded the stream over which the Indian carried his wife on the way out, and laid himself down without fire or supper. Saturday noon he breakfasted at

home, after two weary weeks of missionary labor accompanied by extremes of peril, hunger, and toil.

One of the two who escaped in the assault was a mother whose babe was shot in her arms while she was herself slightly wounded. She concealed herself behind a tree and thus escaped her enemies. After they were gone she returned to the tents and watched till morning; then, after the Indian manner, fastening two poles to a horse and making in that way a rude litter, she bound upon it a wounded boy and her own scalped little ones and went in search of the party which had left them the day before.

When the news of this cowardly and treacherous attack reached Lac Qui Parle there was great wailing. As was frequently the case on such occasions, almost every family in the village was in some way connected with some one or more of those who had been slain. For many months the Dakotas mourned their slain and carefully planned for revenge. In the heart of a Dakota an act like this is never forgiven. This deed was revenged two years later at Rum River.

July 16, 1838. [Journal.] Spent most of the forenoon in reading the translation of the story of Joseph by my brother which Mr. Riggs brought up with him, and in conversation with Eagle Help, who says he now believes that all men are sinners, or have hearts inclined to sin, although he says he did not believe it "when you first told me so." So I was better able to tell him why Christ died and the necessity of believing on him in order to be at peace with God.

Wednesday, 18. I had a visit this afternoon from Eagle Help, who had much to say about our labors here, other missions, wars, etc. One fact worthy of particular notice he confessed concerning the nation of the Sioux, that "They were wicked exceedingly," to use his own expression: "What God loves, is good, and men are commanded to do, they have gathered all together, hated and destroyed; and what God hates and disallows, they have gathered all together and love and do that only." Oh, that he might feel this in regard to himself, repent and humble himself before God, and flee for refuge to the hope set before him in the Gospel! How blind to his own danger!

Saturday, 26. This afternoon I had some conversation with Kayan Hotanka, who is strongly of the opinion that their religion and that of the Bible are the same, and that he has been a Christian twenty years. Deluded man! Can these dry bones live?

17. [August.] The Indians are making the valley ring with their yells at scalp dance, but I hope their time is short, as they will bury the scalp as soon as the leaves are all fallen off.

The next entry was made at Lake Harriet.

In November, 1838, Dr. Williamson came down from Lac Qui Parle to Fort Snelling, on his way to Ohio to spend the winter. The trip from the Traverse to the fort was made in the usual manner during the summer season, by boat, the boats used being generally Indian canoes as in this instance. Mr. G. H. Pond, aided by Wanmdi-Okiye, brought the doctor down and was to return with the canoe. It was much too late in the season to undertake such a journey, and when Mr. Pond was ready to return, the Minnesota River was just about to freeze over.

Just before leaving Mendota, the brothers Pond visited Mr. Sibley's station for the purpose of transacting some business and were detained over night. The following morning at daylight Mr. Sibley sent "Milor," an old French attaché, to ferry them across the river. Through some mismanagement the canoe, which was an unsafe one, was overturned as they were embarking, plunging them all into the deep and ice-cold water. When the passengers rose to the surface the boatman was nowhere to be seen; but soon a glimpse of his red shirt in the water showed where he was, and he was quickly brought to the surface. Upon that he began to chain his boat, not wishing to run the risk of another ducking. His passengers had, however, no time to waste and compelled him to ferry them over. Having given the unwilling Charon some money to warm himself with, the brothers walked against a cold November wind in their soaked and freezing garments, eight miles to Lake Harriet. They could not stop to dry themselves, since Gideon must reach Traverse des Sioux before the river froze over.

The following day in company with Eagle Help, he embarked for home but was obliged to abandon his canoe at Little Rapids, the present site of Carver, by the closing of the river.

His situation, bad enough before, became still more embarrassing, as Eagle Help was taken ill with the

smallpox. Eagle Help, who was distinguished for a variety of accomplishments, was counted among the Indians a very skillful physician. He pointed out some roots, which were dug up, and from them a decoction was made for him to drink. Gideon Pond had a good deal of baggage with him, part of which he carried on his back to the Traverse, a distance of about forty miles, and then came back with his horses for the remainder. Having loaded his wagon with the baggage and smallpox patient, he started on his journey of more than one hundred miles, through deep snow, with the mercury below zero. He had a covered wagon, but could not ride in it as one of his horses required constant urging, and he was obliged to walk on the north side of the wagon in the deep snow to keep his team moving. His feet would have frozen had he not wrapped them in muskrat skins, obtained at a small lake where the Sabbath was spent. He finally reached home, and his Indian companion recovered and lived many years afterward.

That winter, 1838–39, Daniel Gavin spent at the Lake Mission, taking the place of Dr. Williamson during his absence. Of this eloquent, cultured, and devoted Swiss further mention will be made.

The three years spent at Lac Qui Parle were laborious, and in some respects discouraging years, but they were not spent in vain. There was in them much

annoyance, and Mr. Pond keenly felt the hindrances encountered in his chosen work of preaching Christ to the perishing Dakotas, but notwithstanding the many hours spent in apparently fruitless labors, those were not lost years, as the Great Master counts time improved or lost.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FUR TRADE OR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

AFTER G. H. Pond left Lake Harriet in 1836, his brother, S. W., found his position at Lake Harriet Mission neither pleasant to himself nor profitable to the Indians. Mr. Stevens knew nothing of the native tongue, and was entirely dependent upon Mr. Pond's services as an interpreter in his intercourse with the Indians. In the meantime, Mr. H. H. Sibley, then at the head of the fur trade in this section, proposed to Mr. Pond a partnership in the trade, including in the proposition Mr. G. H. Pond. S. W. Pond had been left in charge of the post at Mendota during a short absence of Mr. Sibley and knew something of the business. The prospect was alluring. The fur trade was lucrative, the proposed associate in business being a man of great promise and a member of the Fort Snelling church.

There was no special obstacle in the way of accepting this proposal. Neither of the Ponds, up to that time, had any connection with any missionary society, and they were in no way committed to the work of missions or the ministry farther than their church vows

and church covenant relation may be so considered. It was but natural that a life which promised wealth and influence in addition to wide opportunities of doing good should have appeared alluring, but Christ's work among the Dakotas proved far more attractive. The choice was soon made and was followed by no lingering regrets.

In April, 1836, S. W. Pond left the St. Peters for Washington, Conn., designing to study for the ministry, with a view to spending his life among the Dakotas. He did not suppose that a license to preach or even ministerial ordination would add to his usefulness among the Indians or give him more authority with them, but thought it might relieve him from unpleasant embarrassments and complications arising from his association with other missionaries.

This journey was made by the lake route in a sailing vessel of course, and as storms were encountered it consumed a good deal of time. From Buffalo to Albany he traveled by canal, and finally reached home in just six weeks from Fort Snelling, a journey now accomplished in about forty-eight hours.

The following year, in addition to pursuing a course of theological studies, Mr. Pond taught a winter school and made very considerable progress in the study of Greek, being aided in his studies by a cousin, Hiram Hollister, then recently graduated from Yale,

and who afterward became distinguished in law and literature, and was author of a history of Hayti, to which island he was sent as minister by President Lincoln.

Mr. Pond's instructor in theology was the Rev. Gordon Hayes, his former pastor. Mr. Pond was ordained by the South Association of Connecticut as missionary to the Sioux Indians, the certificate being dated March 4, 1837. The ordination services were held on a week day in the Congregational Church in Washington, where something more than five years before the candidate had made public profession of his faith. The church was crowded with the friends and associates of his early years, many of whom had united with the church at the same communion service in 1831.

The Congregational Church at Washington would gladly have assumed the burden of his support in his missionary field, but as he expected to labor in connection with missionaries of the American Board, he deemed it best to decline the proposition.

He was anxious to return to the field as soon as possible, hence did not wait for an appointment from Boston, but left at once for the West by the same route as at first, namely, from New Haven to New York by boat, thence through New Jersey and Pennslyvania by stage, passing over a short line of railroad in New

Jersey, where the trains were drawn by horses. He took deck passage the same as before on the Ohio, but did not suffer so much discomfort as on the former trip, as he was provided with a blanket and did not contract cholera.

On arriving at Prairie du Chien, his baggage was left with Major Loomis, and he came on in a small boat with some lumbermen to Mont Trempeleau, where he stopped one day to see Rev. Daniel Gavin, who had then been with the Dakotas about a year. The boat in which Mr. Pond came to Lake Pepin was in charge of a Mr. Hudson, for whom Hudson, Wis., was afterward named.

The party arrived at Mr. Gavin's place on Saturday, and the boatmen informed their passenger that he could not board a steamboat at that place and would therefore have to go on with them the following morning as they could not be delayed longer. As he had no claim on them he fully supposed that they would go on without him, but they were still there on Monday morning, and on arriving at the end of the journey would take no fare for the passage.

This first interview with Mr. Gavin was the beginning of a friendship deep and lasting; the friendship of congenial spirits absorbed in one common object. Many years afterward Mr. Pond wrote of him: —

"Although I once had many friends,
I had no other friend like him."

Mr. Gavin and his companion, Mr. Denton, were French-speaking Swiss, sent out by a society at Lausanne to labor for the spiritual welfare of the aborigines in this far-away region. Mr. Gavin was a man of unusual ability, cultivated mind, agreeable manners, and ardent piety. His acquaintance with classical authors in the Greek and Latin tongues was thorough and extensive. He was also well read in continental literature. He was graceful and eloquent in his public ministrations and beloved by all his associates. He loved his native land with all the affection of a true Swiss, but loved his Master with a still stronger devotion — that of a true Christian. He was a faithful soldier, and as such was warmly welcomed to the difficult work among the Dakotas.

The person who had been selected by the Swiss Society to accompany Mr. Gavin, and who was a warm personal friend, had been drowned a short time before the date set for them to embark, and Mr. Denton came in his place. Mr. Gavin had spent some months at Prairie du Chien studying the Dakota with Madame La Chapelle, not a competent instructor, but perhaps better than none. Mr. Gavin had obtained from her a number of legendary tales, which he had written down in Dakota at her dictation, but had been

hindered in this work by the lack of a suitable alphabet and system of orthography, for the French system was no better for this work than the English. He was well pleased with the system as arranged and used by the Ponds and at once adopted it.

Mr. Pond reached Lake Harriet in May, and was there met by his brother, who had made good progress in the native language during his absence, and brought with him to Lake Harriet a list of some of the words he had gathered. Miss Stevens, also, had improved her time and had made commendable advancement in learning to talk with the Indians whom she was teaching.

Gideon Pond returned to Lac Qui Parle, while Samuel spent the summer in the vicinity of Lake Harriet Mission, receiving a commission from the American Board late in the year.

About the first of June, S. R. Riggs and wife arrived at that station and remained there until some time in September. Mr. Riggs improved the time he was detained there in studying the rudiments of the Dakota language, under the tutorship of Samuel Pond. During the summer Mr. Pond translated the story of Joseph, and Mr. Riggs took the manuscript with him when he went on to Lac Qui Parle, where it was revised by G. H. Pond and afterwards published with the following title, "Joseph Oyakapi Kin," and was

one of the first books placed in the hands of the Dakotas. Translations of some other portions of the Bible were made this year, 1837.

Some extracts from a letter written home the following autumn will perhaps best describe the progress made. The letter was from Samuel Pond to his mother, and was written October 14, 1837: —

My great business through the summer has been to learn the Sioux language so as to preach to them, and although I have a great many things to hinder me, I believe I am getting along tolerably well. I live about a mile from the Indian village and go there almost every day and stay a while and talk with them to learn their language; and I often talk with them about religion. I do not think there are any Christians among the Sioux, but some of them are beginning to gain the knowledge of God which is necessary to their conversion.

Last night the Indian whom I first taught to read stayed with me. After I had prayed he remarked, that although he did not know how to pray he would try. He then knelt down and prayed with a fluency and propriety seldom surpassed by Christians who have had the advantage of a Christian education; but still I do not think he is a Christian, and warned him against trusting in his prayers, and thinking he could please God without a new heart. If I could see him a Christian, I would feel a thousand times repaid for coming here.

I would give you a translation of his prayer, but I cannot recollect it all, and if I could it would lose half its force in translation. He prayed in this manner: —

"Great Spirit, my Father, I would worship you, but I do not know how; I wish you would teach me. I am wicked and wish you would forget my sins. I want a new heart. I know nothing, and wish you to teach me. I want to understand your Book. I

have grown up in ignorance and have worshiped stones and trees and everything, but I wish now to worship you alone. I want to throw away everything that is bad and listen to you. If I hear evil conversation among men or women, I will not listen to it but will leave the house. I wish my soul to be happy when I die. When the spirits of all the dead are assembled in judgment, and the bad are cast into the fire, I want to be saved with the good. I will not unite any more with the Indians in their idolatrous feasts. I want you to forget my sins. I want the Son of God to forget my sins. [They have no word for forgive.] The Sioux are all ignorant and wicked. We have all grown up in ignorance and have done wrong. We have forgotten you and have prayed to things that have no ears. I want you to pity the Sioux and teach them to do right. I want you to pity all my relatives. I want you to pity me."

The above is a literal translation of some of his expressions and a specimen of the whole. Dakota will not bear translating into English. After all I very much fear that the Indian I have been speaking of will never become a Christian.

I have preached occasionally this summer to white people. To-day some officers with their wives came here from the fort and I preached to about a dozen from the twenty-first verse of the twentieth chapter of Acts. I tried to tell them the truth plainly, but do not know how much good it will do them.

Although God has not yet given me any souls as seals of my ministry among the Indians, yet his continued goodness to me in giving me health and favor with the Indians, in supplying my temporal wants, and enabling me to learn the language, encourages me to hope that I shall yet see some of the Indians believing on Christ. But let it be as it will be, I know in whom I have believed. The Lord is my shield and will be my exceeding great reward. I want you to remember that I have to be continually engaged or accomplish nothing. I think of my friends in W——, more than before I went home if possible. I remember all their kindness to me and hope the Lord will reward them.

The Indian whose prayer is given in the foregoing letter was named Walking-bell-ringer. He never became a Christian, but was employed by the pioneer whiskey sellers of Pig's Eye to induce Indians to frequent their saloons and exchange furs for fire-water. He soon perished from the effects of liquor. This prayer is doubtless the first recorded prayer addressed to the Great Spirit by an Indian of the Upper Mississippi bands.

During the year 1837 the government made a treaty with the Indians by which the latter ceded to the whites all of their land lying east of the Mississippi, receiving in exchange certain annuities to continue for twenty years. There were special grants of land to such of the white men living among them as had Indian wives and children by them. To meet the requirements of the treaty, many of those who had taken Indian wives and were married in the Indian manner, namely, by purchase, were again married in legal form. Among others Mr. Prescott was so married by S. W. Pond at Lake Harriet, his older children being present as interested spectators.

Some time in the month of October the Indians left Lake Harriet on their fall hunt. Mr. Pond accompanied them, and, profiting by former experience, he says he was "more comfortable, or rather *less uncomfortable*," than when out in the same section two

years before. The party was a large one — three hundred or more — and carried no supplies with them, and therefore sometimes went hungry. There was some variety in the cuisine as dog feasts occasionally relieved the tedium of unbroken venison diet. At one time the entire company was reduced to the extremity of feasting on wild-cat soup, and tried to cheer one another with the bold assertion "wild cat is good." When a hunter brought in some venison, however, the wild cat unceremoniously vanished. So long as game of almost any kind was plenty, neither the hunters nor their guest were disposed to find fault.

The family with which the missionary boarded consisted of a middle-aged man, his wife, and two nephews, both old enough to hunt; and as the men were all good hunters they had always venison enough, when any one had any, and often some to spare for their less skillful or less fortunate neighbors. The old man made an estimate of the number of deer eaten by his boarder, and received pay for them, so that he and his wife said it was enough; and what was unexpected and remarkable, they never afterward claimed that Mr. Pond was under any obligation to them.

Soon after leaving home, the lock of Mr. Pond's gun was broken by a lad to whom he lent it, which he says was fortunate for him, since the accident excused

him from hunting and enabled him to spend his time more profitably otherwise, as during hunting a word is rarely spoken from morning till night except when a deer is being dressed, while at the camp the women are constantly talking as women will the world over.

The only book taken on this expedition was a Greek Testament, having a lexicon bound with it. This little book, now in the possession of the writer, was the only congenial companion of these three weary months of wandering. It bears on the fly leaf some lines composed and written during that period of lonely though voluntary exile: —

> "The joys that fade are not for me,
> I seek immortal joys above,
> Where glory without end shall be
> The bright reward of faith and love."

It is difficult for the inexperienced in such matters to form even a faint conception of life in an Indian camp of three hundred persons, especially when off hunting. Life in camp at such times, while entirely unconventional and primitive, is exposed to constant and vexatious annoyances. In the first place, Indian tents are always populous. And this population, so very numerous, is also very active — an activity which neither slumbers nor sleeps, which knows neither weariness nor compassion. The tents are, moreover, very

smoky, so that the occupant often imagines himself to be a side of bacon undergoing the curing process.

Then there are more varieties of noise in an Indian camp than the uninitiated would imagine possible. The dogs, which in a well-regulated camp are always very numerous, are constantly on the alert and striving to prove their vigilance by their noisiness. Like rival morning papers in an ambitious city, each one is exceedingly anxious to "scoop" his neighbor by first announcing the occurrence of anything new, from the appearance of a new moon to the arrival of a hostile Ojibway, and as soon as the first bark has cleft the stillness, a discordant chorus of say six hundred canines, at a very moderate estimate, resounds to the remotest border of the camp. When Indian dogs get waked up fairly, like the sea after a storm, they are slow to subside.

In summer evenings the song and drumbeat accompanying the scalp dance are very familiar sounds in the Indian camp. Their monotonous cadence was often heard night after night for weeks in succession.

The plaintive song with which the bereaved mother lamented her lost infant, or the lonely wife her slain husband, in bitter and long-continued wailings, was a common sound, and one of the saddest sounds when heard in the silence of the forest, in the dusk of evening, which ever fell on human ear or issued from human

lips. It was a wailing for the dead, relieved by no hope, even dimly recognized, of an immortality beyond this life.

There is one more combination of noises, painful to the listener, whoever he might be, from which in those days the Indian camp was rarely free during the evening hours. Where the sick man was, there the medicine men were gathered together. The unearthly groans and diabolical utterances of the sorcerers at the bedside of the sick and dying it would be impossible to describe. They must be heard to be appreciated. The ceaseless shake of the gourd rattle added to the impressiveness of the weird ceremony. The manner in which the Dakotas ministered to the necessities of the sick and performed the last sad offices at the bedside of the dying was enough to make them long, as they often did, for death to come to them on the field of battle. Scalping, to a rational mind, would seem to have less of terror than the wild incantations of an experienced medicine man. It was often a relief to hear the succession of shots which Dakotas fired, when death came,

> "To fright away the spirits dread
> That hover round the dying bed."

They told the camp that one of the spirits — for Dakotas have four souls — had gone to the Great Spirit, and the conjuring of the sorcerers was over.

The foregoing are but specimens of some of the daily experiences of Indian camp life, of the period of which we are writing. The sounds of feasting and revelry mingled with the wailings of the mourner and the scalp dance song; the shouts and groans of the conjurer blended with soft notes of the lover's flute in his evening serenade; the songs of mirth with those of sorrow, and notes of war and hate with those of love and peace. All came in one mingled medley to the ears of the weary listener, sick at heart with the sin and sorrow, the sadness and suffering, by which he was surrounded on every hand.

The direction taken by the hunters led the party up north into the Ojibway country to the vicinity of Mille Lacs, and finally a roving party of Ojibways was encountered, between whom and the Dakotas there chanced to be at that time a temporary and uncertain peace, much like that described by Scott in The Lay of the Last Minstrel after the single combat between representatives of the two border hosts.

> "Yet be it known, had bugles blown
> Or sign of war been seen,
> Those bands so fair, together ranged,
> Those hands so frankly interchanged
> Had dyed with gore the green."

The intertribal warfare, which had gone on for many years between these two neighboring nations,

was occasionally interrupted by short periods of peace, or to speak more accurately, seasons of armistice. These periods, as both parties well knew, were sure to be terminated sooner or later by some act of treachery. In fact it was well understood that some bloodthirsty or revengeful brave on the one side or the other would improve the first favorable opportunity which presented itself for striking a blow with safety to the aggressor.

It was not hard to find an excuse for such an act, since every Indian had at some time or other lost a friend or a relative by similar treachery. Revenge is the only style of justice with which an Indian is acquainted, in his experience with white men as well as with red men, and when he clothes himself in war paint and goes out to battle, it is not for conquest, but ostensibly, at least, to revenge some real or fancied injury.

While encamped at this place Mr. Pond paid a visit to the Ojibway camp and called at the tent of the chief. His hostess brought him a large piece of meat in a maple dish, and although he had just eaten, the rules of Indian etiquette did not permit him to decline the offered food. The meat was black and strange to him and by signs he asked his hostess what it was. She pointed to an otter skin over the fire and said "Nokeek." The white guest

then slyly threw the meat to a couple of dogs lying near, but they would not touch it. Returning the dish to the lady of the house he withdrew in great embarrassment, with one Ojibway word indelibly impressed upon his memory.

After an absence of about three months, some time in the month of January Mr. Pond returned to the lake. He carried with him on that journey, besides the Testament already mentioned, flints and fire steel with which to kindle fire, and a little pocket inkstand. He made his pens in those days of quills altogether, and quills might of course be obtained at any time. He was accompanied on the return journey by Walking-bell-ringer. As there was at that time a thaw, they were obliged to wade through melting snow, and often the water came nearly to their knees; and since their feet were clothed in ordinary Indian moccasins, they were of course soaking wet.

The Indian, who was some steps in advance, suddenly stopped and broke into an immoderate fit of laughter. Such a fit of merriment in an Indian would be unusual in favorable circumstances, and under such circumstances was surprising. On being asked the occasion of his unseemly mirth, he said, "I was thinking what a fool you are to be wading through the melting snow when you might be in a comfortable home with plenty of good food." Mr. Pond says:

"Many a white man would no doubt have called me a fool, but not many would have laughed so heartily while standing in cold water up to their knees." This question of motives is often a difficult one for Indians as well as for white men.

Soon after reaching Lake Harriet, a letter was received from Mr. Prescott, who was sick at Traverse des Sioux with no one to take care of him, so Mr. Pond went up about the first of February to take care of Mr. Prescott for a time, and then of his trading establishment while he was removed to Fort Snelling for medical treatment.

Here Mr. Pond found himself among the most degraded Indians he had ever seen. The Canadian employé left by Mr. Prescott at the store was still worse than the savages, so that Mr. Pond was glad to call occasionally upon M. Le Blanc, or *Skadan*,[1] as the Indians called him, whose manners were always polite and whose conversation amusing.

About the middle of April Mr. Pond left the Traverse on foot with a chief, Eagle Head, and his son, a youth about twenty years of age, to go to Lac Qui Parle. He then proposed to return with his brother and establish a new station near the present site of Fort Ridgely.

[1] Le Blanc was a translation of this fur trader's Indian name, Skadan.

A son of M. Le Blanc, who had married a daughter of Eagle Head, and who had been employed the previous winter by Joseph R. Brown and stationed at a frontier trading post, had been murdered by an Indian whom he had insulted, and Eagle Head was going up to bring home his daughter. As they had no tent this journey was a very disagreeable one. The first night out, on making camp, the chief fashioned a little turtle of clay, and prayed to it that they might have good weather on the morrow. The turtle saw fit to grant the request and the next day dawned clear. That night the ceremony was repeated, but not with like result, and the chief lost all faith in turtles and said some hard things about the whole turtle family. Cold rains prevailed and sleet fell, drenching their clothing and making them thoroughly wretched day and night.

The country traversed was the same as that through which Mr. Pond passed with Má-Ma two years before, except that it being now April they took a more direct course.

They reached the Chippewa one cold, windy day, and found the stream high and rapid, and no means of crossing except a canoe which lay on the opposite bank full of water. Eagle Head said he was too old and his son too young to swim the river, and Mr. Pond, although perhaps the right age, naturally did

not feel like plunging into the cold stream and stemming the rapid current, swollen by the lately melted snows. Still, as they had been out of provision for some time, and there was no prospect that the stream would run by, and there was an excellent prospect of another storm, after waiting a while to see what the Indians would do, he stripped off his garments, swam over and got the canoe. He had hardly emptied the water out when he heard the young man shout and saw him running down the west bank of the river. He had found a better place to cross higher up. "So," Mr. Pond remarks, "one of us had a cold bath for nothing." The next day snow fell all day, but the travelers were safely sheltered.

The Pond brothers had determined to select a place for a new mission station, since it did not seem advisable for them to return to Lake Harriet while Mr. Stevens remained there and occupied that point. They therefore made their preparations and saddled their horses to go in search of a favorable location. Just at this juncture, Mr. Renville advised that the enterprise be deferred to another year, and as Dr. Williamson did not deem it best to disregard Mr. Renville's advice, he also counseled postponement, and within one year from that time both the brothers were again apparently permanently located at Lake Harriet with the people of their first love.

In the meantime, Mr. Stevens had some difficulty with the Indians, and wrote an urgent letter to Samuel Pond recalling him to Lake Harriet. When the plan for a new station was abandoned for the time, he returned and continued to live with Mr. Stevens that summer.

Some time previous to this, a sister of Mrs. Stevens, Miss Cordelia Eggleston, then a young lady of twenty-two, had joined the Lake Harriet Mission in the capacity of teacher. She was a great favorite with her sister, Mrs. Stevens, who had long and diligently laid her plans to have her younger sister associated with her in her work in the Indian country, and was much elated with her success. The lady commended herself to all by her amiable character, modest demeanor, and personal attractions. Her fourteen years of toil and privation for the Dakotas were borne without a murmur, and reviewed at their close without regret. Dr. Riggs mentions her in the following fitting language: "She was a noble woman; very quiet and retiring, very pleasant and truthful. No one who became acquainted with her could help admiring her character as a woman and a Christian." During the spring and summer following Mr. Pond's return to Lake Harriet, he saw much of this young teacher and the acquaintance resulted in a marriage engagement, after a brief courtship in the beautiful groves bordering the lovely lake.

In this year, 1838, the treaty of 1837 was confirmed and this treaty provided for the appointment of farmers for the different bands of the Sioux who were parties to it. Applications were filed with Major Taliaferro, who had the appointing power, for the position at Lake Calhoun, by Mr. Stevens, Mr. Prescott, and others, but the place was offered by the major to Mr. Pond, as the Indians desired his appointment. He however declined it, but finally consented to take it temporarily until he could ascertain whether or not his brother would take it off his hands. This proposition was satisfactory to the agent and the matter was so arranged.

A letter written about this time will give some idea of the manner in which this summer was spent. It was written by S. W. Pond to his mother: —

My health is good and I am pleasantly enough situated for such a world as this. I occupy the same room that I did last summer and spend much of my time in it alone. I can translate the easiest parts of the Bible into the Sioux, so as to make it intelligible to the Indians, and translate a chapter or two almost every day.

I hold a meeting in Sioux on the Sabbath. But few attend, and I do not feel anxious to have many attend until I can speak better Sioux than I can now.

I have been here a long time and have not been the means of the conversion of one Indian, yet I am not discouraged. It is my earnest desire and prayer to God that he would give me the souls of these heathen as seals of my ministry, yet my eternal welfare does not depend upon it. That, I trust, is secured by the promise

of God. "I know in whom I have believed." I have great hope that I shall yet see many of these Indians converted, but faithful missionaries in different parts of the world have spent their lives without seeing any fruits of their labors, and what am I better than they? If they saw no good effects of their labors while on earth, they can now look back and see that "their labors were not in vain in the Lord."

While the Dakotas were slow to accept moral and spiritual truths, there were some other things which they learned of white people with the greatest facility. The young Indians were imitative. Soon after a young married couple arrived at Lake Harriet for a brief sojourn, it was noticed that all the young people in the vicinity formed the habit of greeting each other with the affectionate query, "My dear, what time is it?"

CHAPTER X.

WEDDING FESTIVITIES AT LAKE HARRIET.

MINNEAPOLIS has a prehistoric history with which few of her citizens are familiar. Scarcely a stone's throw from the Lake Harriet Pavilion, the close observer may have noticed a slight depression below the general surface of the ground. That depression marks the site of the Mission Boarding School, where, in 1835, the first attempt was made to educate and Christianize Dakota Indians.

There, on the evening of November 22, 1838, was solemnized the first marriage of white people in civilized form within the present limits of Minneapolis. It was a brilliant, starry evening, one of Minnesota's brightest and most invigorating. The sleighing was fine, and among the guests were many officers from Fort Snelling with their wives. Dr. Emerson and wife, best known as the owners of Dred Scott, the subject of Judge Taney's famous decision, were present, the doctor being at that time post surgeon at the fort. Dred Scott himself was then held as a slave at Fort Snelling. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. J. D. Stevens, whose wife was a sister of the

bride. The bridesmaid was the beautiful and accomplished Miss Cornelia Stevens, at that time teacher in the boarding school, who afterward became the wife of the talented Rev. Daniel Gavin, the Swiss missionary. Miss Stevens had been three years connected with the school at Lake Harriet and was then nineteen years of age. The groomsman was Henry H. Sibley, destined in later days to be Minnesota's first delegate in Congress, her first state executive, and finally, General Sibley, alike distinguished in political, civil, and military life.

The bride on that occasion was Miss Cordelia Eggleston, whose amiable yet sensitive nature poorly fitted her to endure the toils and privations which fell to her lot as the wife of a missionary to the wild Dakotas. After fourteen years of self-denying toil she fell a martyr to the cause to which she had devoted her life. The wedding day was also the bride's birthday. She was just twenty-three. The bridegroom was the Rev. S. W. Pond, of the Dakota Mission.

At the conclusion of the wedding festivities the guests from Fort Snelling attempted to cross Lake Harriet on their return, but only those who had fleet horses succeeded, the violent northwest wind compelling the return of those less fortunate. It was a romantic one — that first wedding; and though few

of the modern accessories of a great marriage added to the attractions of the occasion, a more distinguished company could not at that time have been assembled within the limits of the territory. It is true the best home the bridegroom had to offer was little better than an Indian tent, and his entire worldly wealth was the two hundred dollars a year which he expected to receive from the missionary society, and even that was still wholly in the future, yet it was a happy occasion notwithstanding.

The tall bridegroom and groomsman, in the vigor and strength of young manhood; the bride and bridesmaid, just emerging from girlhood, must have presented an attractive picture in the mission house that night at Lake Harriet.

The "wedding hymn" was written for the occasion by Mr. Pond, at the request of the ladies, who could find nothing that seemed to them quite appropriate. The concluding verse is given: —

> "Oh, make them faithful unto death,
> And then may they in glory meet,
> And crowns of life from thee receive
> To cast at their Redeemer's feet."

The young couple set up their Penates in a small upper room over the schoolroom, which was not only small but open, but warm hearts and a determined purpose made the little room a happy home. Their

housekeeping arrangements were extremely simple and their utensils few. Their first teapot was an old oil can, carefully scoured without and cleansed within, and other things were in proportion. The salary allowed them by the Board was not intended to cover luxuries, and the actual necessaries of life are few and inexpensive. They could dress and fare as well as their parishioners with a very small outlay.

November 29, a week after the wedding, Mr. Pond wrote to a friend in Connecticut, giving some interesting facts about their connection with the mission work up to that time. It will be remembered they had been engaged in mission work about four years and a half: —

My brother Gideon, you probably have heard, was married a little more than a year ago. I believe that we both have such wives as missionaries ought to have. I need not tell you that neither of us expected ever to be married when we came to this wild country, but through the good providence of God, without any exertions of our own, we have both obtained wives where we little expected to find them. Had I been married sooner, I suppose I should not have been able to learn the Sioux language as fast as I have done, for, having no books in the Indian language to study, I have been obliged to spend a great deal of my time with the Indians, in order to learn their language. If I had been married, I could not have spent so much of my time with them as I have done.

My brother and I have always had our wants abundantly supplied, but we have received *nothing* but what we have received from our friends at home. When Dr. Williamson wrote about a year ago to the committee at Boston to have Gideon appointed a

missionary, he told them that the station at Lac Qui Parle was indebted to my brother more than one hundred dollars for labor, and we have done more for this station than he has for that. With a few trifling exceptions, we have always purchased our own clothes, either with money which we had when we came, or which I had left of that which my friends in Washington gave me to pay the expense of my journey back.

I mention these things not because we are in want. We might receive more if we chose to.

They made the little chamber their home that winter, and the following spring, 1839, G. H. Pond and wife with their little Ruth arrived at Lake Harriet. They came all the way from Lac Qui Parle to Mendota in a canoe, a long journey of more than two hundred miles, reaching the latter place early in April.

Daniel Gavin, who had spent the previous winter at Lac Qui Parle, came with them, also Eagle Help, the war prophet and medicine man, for whom G. H. Pond had so diligently labored.

On his arrival at Lake Harriet, G. H. Pond entered at once upon his work as Indian farmer, holding at the same time a commission as missionary teacher without pay. His government salary was six hundred dollars per year and his duties were varied and laborious. He had to build storehouses for the Indians and shelter for their cattle; cut hay to keep the latter through the long cold winter; to feed them in winter

and herd them in summer. He also had to plow the Indian cornfields, and do such other work as they might need done for them.

He had to make a team out of unbroken bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke, and too old to be easily trained. Much of this work he did alone, but much of it no man, however energetic, could alone accomplish; therefore much of his salary went for hired labor. He was very skillful in the management of oxen and soon had a team which he could use, if no one else could. Prior to the treaty, the Indian men were accustomed to aid in plowing their fields, but after the treaty was made, not one of them would touch a plow. Most of the farmers got along as easily and had as little to do with the Indians as possible, but not so with the farmer for the Lake Calhoun band. He contrived to give away a large part of his salary for the benefit of the Indians, a part of which was spent in printing books for their use.

During this year Mr. Stevens was appointed farmer for the Wabashaw band, and left Lake Harriet, while his niece, Cornelia Stevens, was married to Mr. Gavin and removed to Red Wing. These events left S. W. and G. H. Pond, with their families, alone at Lake Harriet.

About this time the chief's daughter gave her little girl to Samuel Pond to be trained up as a white girl.

She was then about eleven years old, could not speak a word of English, and seemed to prefer life in her mother's tepee to the house of the missionary. She gradually grew accustomed to civilized life and to prefer the new life to the old. They called her Jane. She became in time an earnest Christian girl, and after living in the families first of Samuel and then of Gideon Pond twelve years, married a white man and became a useful member of the church and of society. Two of her sons are prominent and wealthy bankers in a neighboring state, possessing the sagacity of their mother's race, and the thrift and business prudence of their father's also. Probably few, if any, of those who daily transact business with them, have the faintest suspicion that these blue-eyed, brown-haired men are grandsons of a full-blooded Indian woman, and great-grandsons of a chief of the Lake Calhoun band.

As has been stated, the brothers were now again at Lake Harriet, with apparently a bright future before them, but their work was destined to be speedily interrupted by an unforeseen occurrence.

Ever since the treacherous act of Hole-in-the-day at the Chippewa, in the spring of the preceding year, Eagle Help and his party had sought revenge, but their plans had thus far resulted in nothing, and there was still an unbalanced credit of murders on the

part of the Ojibways to be adjusted. It is true the Lake Calhoun Indians had succeeded in killing one Ojibway near Fort Snelling the previous summer, supposing at the time that they were killing Hole-in-the-day himself.

S. W. Pond kept a careful record of all the fatal encounters between the Dakotas and their enemies beginning with the year 1834. From this record the following account of the above affair is taken: —

"Hole-in-the-day made a visit to Fort Snelling in company with two or three of his men. He first went to Patrick Quinn's, who lived about a mile above the fort and whose wife was a half-breed Ojibway. The Dakotas at Lake Calhoun heard of his arrival and started out in a body to kill him, but the agent, Taliaferro, persuaded them to turn back, giving them permission to kill him if they could on his way home. Two brothers, however, whose relatives he had killed at the Chippewa, concealed themselves near Quinn's house and in the evening, when Hole-in-the-day and a companion were passing from Quinn's to a neighboring house, shot one of them supposing him to be the chief, he having previously exchanged clothes or ornaments with the chief.

"One of the Dakotas was badly wounded. They were confined a while in the fort, but were released on condition that their friends should chastise them

severely in the presence of the garrison, which was done."

It appears from the record referred to that in their desultory warfare the Dakotas had lost in the preceding five years twenty-six persons, while the Ojibways had lost but eight. This fact accounts in some measure for the state of mind among the Sioux which led them to plan and execute the bloody massacre of Rum River, so called because it occurred near that stream.

It is said that the natives sometimes called this stream Spirit River, and the early settlers, in whose minds the word spirits easily suggested something in the drinking line, achieved as they supposed a literal translation in the well-known name, Rum River.

The Lake Calhoun band had been a very warlike one before the building of the fort, and one evening in March, 1836, the chief, Man-of-the-sky, gave G. H. Pond some account of his war record and the history of his band.

It was his activity and resolution in war that had raised him to the rank of chief. His father and uncle had also been great warriors, the one killing fifteen, the other seventeen of the enemy. The uncle had himself fallen in battle, and this event aroused the fiendish passions of the young man, who then determined on revenge or death. He braced himself for

murder and savage cruelty, knowing that success would not only gratify his love of revenge but also raise him to honor. He added that he still wished to die in battle.

He said that at one time eleven warriors fought with one hundred Ojibways and killed a number without having one wounded. He laid his hand upon his mouth, a mark of wonder, and said, "There the Great Spirit fought for us." He spoke of their cruelties and of once bringing home a boy and burning him alive, saying they felt no pity in time of war. "Our hearts," he said, "are strong and such things cannot move us." At another time they took a child alive and left him on the ice to perish. He said he had killed six Ojibways and left fighting when he was twenty-five, at the time Fort Snelling was built, and added, "Had it not been for that I should have killed many more, or have been myself killed ere this."

And these are the confessions of one of the most intelligent, thoughtful, and humane of the Dakotas of that day; the great grandfather of an intelligent, cultivated, and devoted clergyman of the Presbyterian Church.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MASSACRE OF RUM RIVER AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE massacre of Ojibways by the Sioux, which occurred July 3, 1839, on the Rum River and simultaneously on the St. Croix, is without a parallel in authentic annals of intertribal warfare occurring within the boundaries of the present state of Minnesota. There are traditional accounts of more sanguinary struggles but they are vague and unreliable. The number of the slain was only great in comparison with the numbers of the bands engaged, but was quite sufficient to create cause for wailing in nearly every household of the Ojibways, and in very many of the Sioux households.

When taken in connection with the causes which led to it and the results which followed it, its history forms one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of savage warfare, and few will question the truth of the assertion that hand-to-hand conflicts are more thrilling in their details than modern long-distance sharp-shooting, even though the latter may be the more scientific mode of killing men.

Among the prominent Indians of the Lake Calhoun

band was a distinguished warrior and medicine man, a man of energy and ambition, who held a prominent and influential place in the councils of his village. His name was Zitkadan-Duta (Red-Bird). He had never favored the missionary work of the Ponds. It did not require prophetic vision, such as he claimed to possess, but mere common foresight, to predict that as their influence increased his influence would be proportionately diminished.

He had tested their courage and had not found them lacking. Years before, as the brothers were walking Indian file along a narrow path by the lake shore, they met Red-Bird. Some one must turn out. After passing the older brother, who was a few steps in advance, Red-Bird assumed a haughty expression and marched resolutely forward. At a word of warning, Gideon faced the chief, with a similar expression on his face and the forehead of the tall Indian and that of the tall white man came together in violent concussion. This incident, in itself a trifling one, meant much to the haughty chief, although at the time he turned it off with a laugh. He was never afterward very friendly to either of the brothers, although he always treated them with respect.

He was the prominent leader in the battle of July 3.

Late in June, several bands of Ojibways, men, women, and children, met at Fort Snelling to transact

business with Major Taliaferro, the agent. Hole-in-the-day and his people came down the Mississippi in canoes; the Mille Lacs came by land; others came by water down the St. Croix and up the Mississippi. They all left Fort Snelling for home about the same time, each party returning home by the same route it came.

The Mille Lacs and Hole-in-the-day's band encamped at St. Anthony Falls, and some of the Dakotas who paid them a visit complained that they were not well treated by the Ojibways. They went with their complaints to the agent, who advised them not to molest the Ojibways unless they killed some of their number, in which event he gave them leave to retaliate.

The Ojibways departed on their return journey on the first day of July, but as the event proved, two Ojibways remained behind who belonged to Hole-in-the-day's band, and were said to be sons or step-sons of the Ojibway who had been killed near Patrick Quinn's the year before.

Soon after daylight on the morning of the second, Rupacoka-Maza, a son-in-law of Cloud-Man the chief, left the Indian village at Lake Calhoun to hunt pigeons in a grove south of Lake Harriet. He was accompanied by a young lad and carried two guns, one for himself, another for the boy. Their path lay along

the east side of Lake Harriet and thence to the grove. On the southeast side of the lake the Ojibways lay in ambush, and as the hunter passed they shot him.

The lad, not being tall enough to be seen above the weeds or brush that bordered the path, escaped unobserved and ran to the camp, and in a very few minutes the occurrence was known at the mission and the Pond brothers reached the murdered man about as soon as the Indians did.

The events that followed were described many years later by G. H. Pond in the following graphic language: —

"On a July day in 1839, at Lake Harriet, there was a cluster of summer huts constructed of small poles and barks of trees, the summer home of four or five hundred souls, surrounded by their gardens of corn and squashes. It was an Indian village. The five hundred had swarmed out into and around the shores of the lakes. Men, women, and children were all engaged in hunting, chopping, fishing, swimming, playing, singing, yelling, whooping, and wailing. The air was full of all sorts of savage sounds, frightful to one unaccustomed to them. The clamor and clatter on all sides made me feel that I was in the midst of barbarism, and I was.

"Suddenly, like a peal of thunder when no cloud is visible, here, there, everywhere, awoke the startling

alarm whoop, 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' Blankets were thrown in the air. Men, women, children, ran — they ran for life. Terror sat on every face. Mothers grasped their little ones. All around was crying, wailing, shrieking, storming, scolding. Men vowed vengeance, whooped defiance, and dropped bullets into their gun-barrels. The excitement was intense and universal. 'The Chippewas! The Chippewas have surrounded us! We shall all be butchered! Rupacoka-Maza is killed!'

"Ah, yes! just across there on the other bank of Lake Harriet — there he lies all bloody. The soul is gone from the body, escaping through that bullet hole; the scalp is torn from the head.

"A crowd has gathered, and every heart is hot with wrath. Ah, me! What wailing! What imprecation! The dead one is the son-in-law of the chief, and nephew to the medicine man, Red-Bird. Every warrior, young and old, utters his determined vow of vengeance as Red-Bird stoops to press his lips on the yet warm, bleeding corpse, cursing the enemy in the name of the gods.

"Now see the runners scud in all directions! In an hour or two the warriors begin to arrive, painted, moccasined, victualed, and armed for the warpath. Indian warriors are all minutemen.

"Come with me to St. Anthony Falls. Here is

the unspoiled river, rushing unhindered down its rocky bed — naught else. We will stand on the rocky bluff. Now come the avengers of blood. They come from Shakopee, from Eaglehead, from Goodroad, from Bad-hail, and from Black-dog. All the hot afternoon of this July day they cross and recross their canoes over the bosom of the river at the head of the island.

"The sun is just ready to sink as we look at the long row of warriors seated on the east bank. That tall form, dressed not much unlike Adam before the fall, save war paint, at the head of the line, is Red-Bird. One long wail goes up from three or four hundred throats, as Red-Bird utters his imprecatory prayer to the gods. He presents to them the pipe of war, and it goes down the ranks, as he follows it, laying his hands on the head of each, binding him by all that is sacred in human relationships and in religion, to strike for the gods and for Red-Bird.

"The next evening the dusky runners begin to arrive at Lake Calhoun, from the battle ground at Rum River. Red-Bird is killed; his son is killed; the Chippewas are nearly all killed. Seventy scalps dangle from the poles in the center of the village close by the tepee of the father-in-law of Philander Prescott. The scalp dance lasted for a month. It seemed as if hell had emptied itself here."

The pursuing party had overtaken the Ojibways

before daylight in the morning, but had remained in concealment until the hunters left the camp for the day, and had then attacked the poorly defended women and children. The attack was sudden, impetuous, and unexpected as the famous attack of the Nervii upon Cæsar's disordered camp. The women raised their hands and looked back for a moment in dazed astonishment, then turned and fled. The Dakotas were worn out by their forced march of the day and night preceding, and those of their enemies who got off the field alive were not pursued.

Red-Bird's son, but a lad in years, was crying beside the dead body of Rupacoka-Maza on that second of July. His father sneeringly said to him, "What are you crying for? Don't you know which way the enemy has gone?" Red-Bird was killed by a man who had been shot down. His son, as he was being carried from the field with his entrails protruding from a ghastly wound, said to those who were carrying him, "Where is my father? I want him to see this. I suppose it is what he wanted." On being told that his father was dead, he said nothing more, and soon died.

Owanca-duta, then in battle for the first time, was asked by Mr. Pond how he felt about the slaughter of the women and children. He replied that in the excitement of the attack he enjoyed the work, but it

made him feel bad to come back among the bodies of the slain. After the battle a forced retreat must be made to escape the vengeance of the Ojibway hunters. Shakpé, chief of the Prairieville band, who had many wounded, found himself likely to be left in the rear. He was a noted orator, and made a speech in this emergency which produced a profound impression. Among other things, he said: "You have poured blood upon me, and now you run away and leave me."

This bloody slaughter was not all. The Kaposia, Little Crow's band, pursued the party which returned home by way of the Mississippi and St. Croix Rivers and overtook them in drunken revel, they having taken a supply of "mini wakan" with them. The Dakotas killed about twenty-five of the enemy. Those who survived the first attack were sobered by their danger and repulsed the Sioux, pursuing them in their retreat and killing a number of them. In these two encounters the Dakotas killed about ninety-five, mostly women and children, and lost seventeen, all fighting men.

After these events the Dakotas were in constant dread of a warlike visit from the enraged Ojibways.

The little cabin at Lake Calhoun was torn down to obtain material for breastworks for the Indians. They were obliged to remain at the lake until their corn could be gathered, which they made all haste to

do. It appears from G. H. Pond's journal that the Indians at Lake Calhoun raised that year thirteen hundred bushels, of which Chief Drifter's field produced four hundred and forty bushels. As soon as the corn was gathered, the Lake Calhoun band left their village by the lake to return no more, for while they would no doubt in time have returned, if left to themselves, Major Plympton had determined on their removal. The Ponds remained at the Lake Harriet Mission House until May, 1840, as it was impossible to remove sooner, all preparations for wintering the Indian stock having been already made. This winter S. W. Pond completed a small grammar of the Dakota, and also finished arranging and copying his Dakota dictionary once more, containing at that time, as stated in a letter of that date, about three thousand words.

A record of the expenses of Lake Harriet Mission lies before me, from which it appears that the entire expenditure of the year closing July 31, 1840, was $276. One of the items, that of postage, appears excessive until we recall the fact that each letter cost the recipient twenty-five cents in those days. How fortunate that they had only monthly mails!

The expense account for the following year foots up $172.62. This includes one Greek lexicon, also another item for books bought of Franklin Steele, $14.

The next year includes an item of traveling expenses to Lac Qui Parle and the total is $130.83, inclusive of house rent $50, and special expense connected with the birth of the *Weenona* of the family.

It has been said in recent publications that the results of these early Indian missions were meager when compared with the large sums expended in maintaining them. The above specimen figures represent the entire expense to the Society, and are given as some indication of the amount of money so consumed by the Lake Harriet Mission; and it is but fair to add that a part of this expenditure was incurred in clothing and feeding a little Indian girl, who has repaid many times over all the money which was ever expended on this mission.

In May, 1840, Samuel and Gideon Pond removed to a stone house known as the "Baker House" near Camp Cold Water, a short distance above Fort Snelling. This house they rented for one year, living in one half of it, while Mr. Gavin and Mr. Denton, the Swiss missionaries, with their families, occupied the other half.

Prior to this time Major Taliaferro had resigned his office as Indian agent and was succeeded by Colonel Bruce. In his letter of resignation he stated, among other things, that the Fur Company was too strong for him and too strong for the government. He claimed

the company thwarted his plans for the improvement of the condition of the Indians.

He had always been a firm friend of the brothers and while his example had been in some things harmful to the Indians, he had been so uniformly kind and considerate where they were concerned, that they parted from him with regret and felt that "they better could have spared a better man."

Major Plympton was now in command at Fort Snelling.

CHAPTER XII.

MURDER OF CHIEF DRIFTER.

IN the year 1834, when the Ponds first built among them, the Indians of the Lake Calhoun band were united, acknowledging one chief, Cloud-Man, as already stated. In consequence of these brothers locating and building at their village, many from other villages came and located at the lake. Among others was an old man who claimed to be chief and had quite a following of Indians who came with him.

His name was Kahboka (one who drifts, or floats), and between these rival chiefs, Cloud-Man and Drifter, there was no great degree of cordiality. When the bands removed from Lake Calhoun the two factions separated, the party which followed Kahboka encamping nearer the fort than Cloud-Man's party.

Since Major Plympton had decided on the removal of the Indians, it was necessary that a new location should be selected. Colonel Bruce and Major Plympton, after looking the ground over, fixed on a site near where Hamilton is now located, not far from the mouth of Credit River on the south side of the Minnesota. The agent instructed G. H. Pond to

plow land there for the Indian fields. The Pond brothers found the location selected very unsatisfactory, and the Indians of Eagle Head's band strongly objected to its being occupied by the lower Indians. Since, however, Major Plympton's word was law, they prepared to remove. They tore down their houses at Lake Harriet, moved the lumber to the mouth of the Minnesota, drew the wagon through the river with a long rawhide rope, and continued on their way to Credit River. The major finally consented to allow the Indians to plant that year, six miles west of Fort Snelling on the south side of the Minnesota. Pleased with this partial concession, Gideon Pond commenced plowing there for Cloud-Man's party. Kahboka's party, offended because their fields were not plowed first, went up in force and drove away the oxen, at the instigation, it was supposed, of Scott Campbell. Mr. Pond, divining their purpose, hastily unyoked the oxen so that they got nothing but the team.

Major Plympton promptly sent a message to the belligerent Indians by Scott Campbell, that the oxen must be immediately driven back, and any unauthorized person who attempted to plow with them would be confined in the guardhouse. The oxen were quickly driven back and the plowing for Cloud-Man's party completed. Mr. Pond then, with the aid of

the Indians, crossed the river and a swamp at Oak Grove and went back to Camp Cold Water. Kahboka's party dug up their fields with hoes that year, but the lesson did them good and was not forgotten. They were more tractable and less aggressive ever after.

That year and the following were spent by S. W. Pond and Mr. Gavin in frequent excursions to the Indian villages to preach, and in perfecting their knowledge of the language.

In April, 1841, Kahboka and his son were shot by the Ojibways in ambush between Fort Snelling and Camp Cold Water. Samuel Pond, having heard the shots, was almost immediately on the ground, and found the son just expiring and the chief severely, though it was thought not fatally, wounded. The chief, who was wounded in one of his legs, was removed to comfortable quarters and received careful treatment from Dr. Turner, post surgeon. He seemed to improve for a few days and was thought to be in a fair way to recover. Some days after the shooting, Samuel Pond was sitting with him talking of the occurrence, and in the course of the conversation carelessly laid his hand on the wounded limb. The chief noticed the movement and said in a tone of alarm, "Did you touch me? I did not feel it." Mr. Pond again laid his hand on the wounded member

and it was found to be destitute of feeling, already growing cold in death. Kahboka, the Drifter, shortly afterward drifted out into the wide ocean of eternity.

About this time the branch of the Dakota Mission located at Lac Qui Parle recommended that a mission station be formed at Lake Traverse and that the Messrs. Pond be transferred to that point. Dr. Green wrote them to that effect, assuming that they would at once remove thither. This they did not wish to do. Fearing no danger for themselves, they did not think the prospect of successful work at that point sufficiently encouraging to justify them in removing their families to that remote and lawless region.

The mission at Lac Qui Parle encountered much opposition and had many horses and cattle killed. Mr. Huggins, in one of his reports, stated that more than fifty head of stock belonging to the mission had been killed at that station alone. At Lake Traverse affairs would doubtless have been much worse since the mission would not have enjoyed the powerful protection and patronage of Mr. Renville, the most influential man in all that region, and a member of Dr. Williamson's church. The Indians at Lake Traverse were peculiarly quarrelsome and disorderly, so much so that they wounded and drove away Joseph R. Brown, and troops were sent there to restore order

among the turbulent savages. For these reasons they refused to go and the move was not insisted on. If it had been, they would have withdrawn from the mission but not from the work of preaching the gospel to the Dakotas.

About this time, a few liquor sellers commenced operations at Pig's Eye, their principal business being that of retailing liquor to the Indians, who soon formed a taste for it. This was the commencement of St. Paul. Samuel Pond and Mr. Gavin staked out claims on the site of the future city but took no further steps to hold them.

A certain humorous writer, better known for other literary qualities than for historical accuracy, states that the whiskey men came first to this territory — afterward the spiritual teachers — and inserts in his book a laughable caricature to illustrate his theory. While this order of settlement may have prevailed to a certain extent in some sections, it certainly did not prevail at Fort Snelling and other important points in *this* section, including Minneapolis. The ground had been preëmpted in the name of Christ and the Church long prior to the arrival of Satan's advance agents — the saloon men.

A much larger proportion of the actual pioneers of this region were distinctively religious men than can often be found in new settlements. The honorable

names of Major Gustavus Loomis and his lamented son-in-law, Lieutenant Ogden, Eugene Gauss, and H. H. Sibley, and later, Lieutenant, now General R. W. Johnson will be readily recalled as the names of military men who were also professed soldiers of the cross.

The house of Colonel Stevens, the patriarch of Minneapolis, was the first chapel on the west side of the Mississippi at the Falls, and many of Minneapolis' earliest settlers gathered there to hear the message of the gospel from the lips of G. H. Pond.

In the spring of 1842, Mr. Riggs, who had been among the Indians nearly five years, planned to go east with his family and spend a year visiting in Ohio and elsewhere, and it was arranged that S. W. Pond should go to Lac Qui Parle and take his place at that station. Mr. Riggs came down the Minnesota in a boat about the first of May, and the contract with the owner required that the boat should be returned to the Traverse by a certain date in June.

The trip east, undertaken at this time by Mr. Riggs and family, was not altogether in pursuit of rest and recreation. He was also to superintend the printing of some books in Dakota. Much of the two preceding years had been spent, both at Lac Qui Parle and the "Baker House" in translating and kindred work. Mr. Gavin, Samuel and Gideon Pond took down in

Dakota a series of Indian legendary tales, as they were dictated by Jack Frasier, a half-breed, some of which are interesting and historically valuable. One of these Dakota legends, the most interesting perhaps, S. W. Pond put into English verse about this time, the well-known story of Anpetu-sapawin.[1]

Translations of Matthew's Gospel, by S. W. Pond, and of Luke's Gospel, by G. H. Pond, were prepared for the press and were revised with Mr. Alexander Faribault's assistance.

In 1842, a Second Reader, consisting of Bible stories translated and prepared for publication by Samuel Pond, was printed, and also the Book of Genesis translated by Dr. Williamson, a number of the Psalms, by Mr. Riggs and Mr. Renville, the Gospel of Luke, by G. H. Pond, and John's Gospel, by Mr. Renville.

Of course Mr. Renville was aided in his literary work by others more scholarly than he, since it was well understood that he was as ignorant of the art of writing, and reading also, as William of Deloraine[2] is said to have been.

Samuel Pond withheld his translation of Matthew, believing that the number of readers among the Dakotas was not at that time large enough to justify so large an expenditure in printing books which must necessarily prove in some respects defective, and

[1] See Appendix. [2] Lay of the Last Minstrel.

which revision would improve. The manuscript was, however, used to some extent, since Dr. Williamson said he found the Indians understood it better than other translations.

In the later editions the name of G. H. Pond was omitted in connection with the translation of Luke, though perhaps no great change was made in the text.

The work of translating, during the earlier years of the Dakota Mission, was always somewhat in advance of the demand for literature, as is apt to be the case in difficult fields where few converts are made. But considering how suddenly and unexpectedly a demand for books finally developed, perhaps this premature preparation was fortunate rather than otherwise. There was always, among the Dakotas, more demand for hymns than for any other class of literature, and most of the missionaries composed or translated hymns for their use. Mr. Joseph Renville composed the hymns earliest used, and some of the hymns earliest written are still favorites in all the churches. Dakotas love to sing, and the substitution of the songs of Zion for the war songs in which their souls once delighted is one of the most striking marks of their upward progress.

The annual meeting of the Dakota Mission was an important occasion, and especially appreciated by the younger members of the mission families or such

of them as were privileged to attend. It meant a long journey in a delightful season of the year by team or more often by canoe. While the older people gravely discussed toils and triumphs past and to come, and planned for the Master's work, the young people improved the golden hours, which came to the most favored but once a year and usually much more rarely. When we have few friends those few are the more highly prized.

The annual meeting of 1841 was held at Lac Qui Parle, and Samuel Pond attended while Mrs. Pond remained at home. She wrote to him during his absence, and since this letter gives some idea of the spirit which characterized these self-sacrificing women, an extract is here inserted : —

I am glad of an opportunity to send you a few lines as an expression of my continued affection for you, and to tell you that I am looking forward, somewhat impatiently I fear, for your return; yet much as I wish to see you, I believe I would not call you away from duty. It is always pleasant to me to think that you are about our Master's business — that you are engaged in a good cause.

You are probably now at Lac Qui Parle and favored with an opportunity of uniting with the brethren and sisters there in their Sabbath exercises, which I doubt not will be refreshing to your spirits, and if you are permitted to see a congregation of Indians assembled to hear the truth, I trust it will serve to encourage your hope and strengthen your faith.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR AT LAC QUI PARLE.

AS before stated the boat engaged by Mr. Riggs had to be returned to the Traverse by about the first of June. Mrs. Pond's little daughter Jennette was born May 6 and was therefore about three weeks old at that time. Dr. Williamson expressed it as his opinion that it would be perfectly safe to undertake the journey so far as the babe was concerned, but not entirely safe for the mother. Dr. Turner, on the other hand, said he thought that the mother would endure the journey, but it would probably kill the infant.

Since it was a case of necessity, Mr. Pond put in the boat a little box which he thought would do for a coffin if the little babe had to be buried by the way, and undertook the long and tedious journey. That journey was one of peculiar anxiety to the young mother, whose little babe faded day by day before her eyes. Only those who have passed through a like experience can realize the burden of anxiety and apprehension which rested upon her in her inexperience and extremity. She could do little for her child but pray.

The vernal beauty of the Minnesota, which she then saw for the first time, with its wealth of foliage and rich variety of blossoms, would in ordinary circumstances have been greatly enjoyed, but in the shadow of a threatened affliction like this one the beauties of nature cannot soothe the anguish of the soul.

The long journey finally came to an end, and the little Jennette was just alive when the party reached Lac Qui Parle. She, however, speedily recovered from the nearly fatal effects of the journey, and became a remarkably healthy, active child, a great comfort to her lonely mother.

It was the intention of Dr. Williamson to remain with Mr. Pond that year at Lac Qui Parle, during Mr. Riggs' absence. But on the twentieth of June a severe frost cut all growing crops down to the ground, and the Indians commenced killing off the cattle belonging to the mission. The doctor, anticipating a famine, removed his family to the Baker house near Fort Snelling, and made it his home for more than a year. Mr. Pond and Mr. Huggins remained at the upper station. In some respects the Indians at that point were somewhat in advance of the lower Indians.

Mr. Huggins, who was an ingenious man, had constructed some years before an ox mill, in which the corn raised by the Indians was ground. Mr. Huggins

had also constructed a hand loom, on which some of the Indian women learned to weave cloth.

Quite a little church had been gathered, consisting at first of Mr. Renville's family and a few women. Afterward a few converts were gathered from among the men. This church was something of a revelation to its temporary pastor.

Since Mr. Renville was one of its earliest and most influential members it is not strange that the church should have been in some degree affected by the influence of his strong personality. His early ideas of the Christian church having been formed chiefly on the line of the Roman Catholic faith, they were not quite in accord with the usages of New England Congregationalism. During this year he proposed the names of a number of persons whom he wished to have admitted to the church. As they did not give very satisfactory evidence of piety they were advised to wait till Dr. Williamson's return. Mr. Renville replied that if the parties were not received they would not attend meeting. After an explanation by Mr. Pond they were content to wait and continued to attend meetings as before.

It was impossible, in a church composed of Indian converts, to rigidly apply the standards of faith and conduct which are recognized among civilized people. It would not be just so to do. Dr. Williamson, if he

ever erred in judgment, would be sure to err on mercy's side. "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." His favorite petition must have been something in spirit like the one given in "the universal prayer": —

> "Help me to feel another's woe —
> To hide the fault I see;
> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

At one time a young man was called up before the church charged with traveling all day Sunday. The doctor was judge advocate, or whatever the title may be. The young man was a frank, honest fellow, and the trial proceeded something like this: —

"Did you travel on the Sabbath?"

"Yes; we traveled all day Sunday."

"You were out of provisions and obliged to travel, were you not?"

"No; we had a good supply of provisions."

"Well, you did not intend to travel when you left home, did you?"

"Yes; I intended to travel Sunday when I started on my journey, but I intended to repent of it afterward."

It is perhaps better to violate a commandment intending to repent of the violation afterward than to violate it with no such intention. It is hard at times

to know what course to take in such cases, and he is probably most like the divine Master who is most inclined to the side of mercy. Dr. Williamson's spirit was of the temper of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee."

This winter of 1842–43 was one of unusual length and severity. The snow was deep and the cold intense. There must of necessity be much suffering among people housed as the Dakotas were at that time and compelled to expose themselves daily in pursuit of food. We read in G. H. Pond's journal such entries as these: —

"Cunagi was left thirty-five miles northeast of here (Lac Qui Parle) by her mother, to die of hunger."

"Heard that Intpa left his mother and aunt ten days away to die of hunger because they were unable to walk."

Such desertions were of frequent occurrence among these poor heathen. They did not occur from lack of humanity or natural affection, but because it was the only course, except to lay down one's own life and benefit no one by the sacrifice.

The Indians eked out their scanty supplies by fishing through the ice that winter. One ventured on the ice one bitter cold day to fish. The missionary said to him on his return: "You were a brave man to go on the lake on such a day." He replied: "I do not know

whether I was a brave man or a fool;" and verily there is sometimes a marked doubt.

A somewhat similar answer was once made by one who had been west hunting grizzlies. After tracking one a long distance, he overtook him and fired. He was armed with a flint-lock gun and most of the charge had escaped through the pan in the chase. Just enough powder remained in the piece to enrage the bear without hurting him much. He turned on the Indian and tore his arm from its socket. The hunter escaped and got back to camp, where he was seen by Mr. Pond, who said to him: "It was a wonder you lived." He replied: "I don't know whether I did live or not." He died shortly afterward from the effects of his wound.

Mr. Pond varied his duties that winter somewhat by teaching little Amos Huggins to read. The long winter finally passed away, and with the return of summer Mr. Riggs and family came back from their visit among friends at the east. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hopkins, then lately married, both anxious to devote their young energies and zeal to the work of their Master. Mr. Alfred Longley, a brother of Mrs. Riggs, was also of the party.

Mr. Riggs had determined to form a new station and visited first Shakpé's village, and then the village

at Little Rapids, but meeting opposition at both points, went on to Traverse des Sioux, and stopped there without asking permission, which would probably have been refused.

He commenced erecting mission houses at that point, but the work was soon interrupted by the sad death of Mr. Longley, who was drowned while bathing.

Mr. and Mrs. Pond and little Jennette, now a lively child of thirteen months, came down the river in the same boat and with the same crew with which Mr. Riggs and party had made the journey up. On arriving at Shakpé's village they were surprised at the action of the Indians, who commenced firing at them, shots striking in some instances quite near the boat. Mr. Pond quickly placed his wife and baby where they would be protected by the baggage, and turning the bow of the boat toward the shore ordered the boatmen to row fast. At this critical moment the Indians stopped firing and ran away. It afterwards appeared that they supposed it was Mr. Riggs returning, and were testing his courage in this rather annoying manner. It was never definitely known, however, just how near the boat they did design the shots to fall.

Mr. Pond and family returned, not to Camp Cold Water, but to Oak Grove. This was in June, 1843.

The preceding winter had been very hard on the Indian cattle and most of the Indian farmers lost nearly all they had under their care. Mr. Quinn had no hay for the cattle belonging to Good Road's band. and they annoyed the garrison so much that Major Plympton ordered them shot, and the following spring Mr. Quinn was excused from plowing for the Indians because he had no team. Mr. Pond had at that time more than thirty head under his care, had a good supply of hay, and lost but one, which he said he shot "to save her life."

In addition to providing for and caring for his stock he selected a site for a home at Oak Grove and prepared the materials of which to build it. The site of the old Mission House at Oak Grove, now in the town of Bloomington, was a beautiful and commanding one. The house was built on the high bluff of the Minnesota, sheltered from the north winds by rising ground in that direction, covered with a fine growth of ancient oaks. It was flanked at a little distance on either hand by deep ravines, through which flowed ever-living streams of pure cold water. To the south the beautiful valley of the Minnesota stretched away on either hand far as the eye could see, and often when clothed in vernal beauty must have resembled the fertile plains of Jordan, on which the mercenary Lot once looked with envious eyes, with

this unfortunate additional point of resemblance, that the inhabitants thereof were very wicked. Here and there the eye of the observer caught glimpses of silvery reflections, where the rays of sparkling sunlight fell upon the silent lake or winding river.

The site selected was a lovely spot for a home and furnished G. H. Pond a place to sojourn until he was summoned hence to the "house of many mansions."

In a letter to his brother, dated January 2, 1843, he gives some account of his winter's work: —

Most of the Indians have returned from their winter hunt (tuka akiran hdi), but starving because the young men must needs hunt Chippewas instead of hunting deer.

They will now receive their annuity money and will then be able to get more whiskey probably than they ever have before. They had a happy New Year yesterday, crying, singing, and fighting. Iyaxamani shot at Little Six and missed him; and then with powder and wad shot Good Road's wife and blew off her left ear. Her son shot a man a few days ago, and an old woman, being drunk, fell on the fire and burned to death. A few weeks ago a drunken soldier froze to death.

The logs for the house we have got to the ground, most of them xinta (tamarack). The snow is very deep; I suppose on an average two feet, which made it a severe job hauling the timber, as the swamp was not frozen, and generally our track of the morning was filled before we returned in the evening. The Indians seemed pleased to have us build there, and I hope that we shall be able to get a few children into the school.

I have been there (at Oak Grove) most of the time for the past three weeks. It takes Monday and Saturday to go and return.

I suppose you would be amused to see me, with buckskin coat and pantaloons, mittens which reach nearly to my elbows, and a fisher skin for a stock, with five yoke of oxen and two sleds fastened together, one loaded with hay and the other with joist, plank, etc., wading through the snow to Nine-mile-creek every Monday; yet so it is and everything has gone well so far.

This month I intend to remain at home for the most part. I find that it is too much for Hepan to take care of the cattle; indeed I find it enough for myself to take care of them all, and have found very little leisure since I commenced haying.

Now that the Indians have returned I shall be troubled by them a good deal, and therefore hope I shall learn a little more Sioux; but if next spring I am not behind what I was last, I shall think myself well off in respect to the language.

The house was evidently planned and built with care, and was large enough to accommodate two families, having rooms for each above and below, and was completed in June, ready for its prospective occupants. The brothers moved into their new house, and were pleased to find themselves at last located in a home of their own, surrounded by the Lake Calhoun Indians, with a fair prospect of laboring successfully among them.

The following October, G. H. Pond went home to Connecticut, taking with him his oldest child, Ruth, whom he left in the family of his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Hine. In speaking of this, he said: "It is something of a trial to part with children, but I believe in this case it is best."

During his stay in Connecticut he made several visits to New Haven for the purpose of having a catechism printed in the Dakota, prepared by S. W. Pond. This work was printed by the brothers at their own expense, and was much used at Oak Grove and Red Wing in teaching the children.

In March Mr. Pond returned to Oak Grove, leaving little Ruth in Connecticut, where she remained until after the death of her mother. She found a pleasant home with her aunt, who treated her as her own child while she remained with her.

Mr. Eli Pettijohn, a young brother of Mrs. Huggins, lived at Oak Grove and aided in caring for the Indian stock that winter.

CHAPTER XIV.

TROUBLE AT THE TRAVERSE AND BLOOMINGTON.

DURING the winter of 1843–44 the new station at Traverse des Sioux encountered much opposition from the Indians. Horses and cattle were killed, and the Indians sought in every way to remind Mr. Riggs of the fact that he had located there without having first obtained permission. In a mêlée over the shooting of a horse, an Indian shot an arrow at Mr. Riggs, which failed to hit him. About this time S. W. Pond visited the Traverse on his way from Lac Qui Parle to Fort Snelling. While he was there a drunken Indian assaulted him with a knife. The ladies of the family seemed to be in mortal terror, Mrs. Riggs stating that they would be compelled to leave that point unless relief could be obtained.

On reaching the fort, Mr. Pond entered complaint against the Indians, giving Captain Backus, then in command at the fort, a full account of the state of affairs at the Traverse. Shortly afterward Captain Backus sent word to Oak Grove that he had confined in the guardhouse an Indian who had just come down

from Traverse des Sioux to buy liquor, and he believed him to be the one who had made the assault on Mr. Riggs. Mr. Pond went at once to the fort and found the captain had the right man.

On learning of this arrest Mr. Riggs was somewhat apprehensive of retaliation on the part of the man's friends and wrote urging his immediate release. As there was still some delay he came all the way from the Traverse, with one named Tanka-Mani, to obtain the release of the prisoner. In the examination which took place he said he did not really think the man meant to hit him. "Ah, Mr. Riggs, you exceed the bounds of Christian charity," said Captain Backus, who was unwilling to release the man and probably would not have consented to do so, except for the expense and inconvenience which would attend sending him to Prairie du Chien for trial. He was finally released. The arrest did him good, and was followed by good results at the Traverse, although the natives at that station were never distinguished for either noble or humane traits of character.

The years succeeding were years of seed-sowing at all the stations. At Oak Grove the school was kept up regularly in spite of much opposition and much drunkenness on the part of the Indians. The winter of 1844–45 was a very mild one. We learn from

Gideon Pond's diary that the lowest point touched by the mercury that season was ten degrees below, Fahrenheit. In March the Indians were all convinced that it was April, an error not very infrequent with them. On April first, however, an Indian perished with the cold. There was great mortality among them that year. On the tenth of February occurs the entry: "The ninth coffin I have made since October;" a large death-rate considering the limited number living at that place.

The following entries in the journal illustrate in a striking manner some phases of life among the Dakotas at that day: —

Some of the Indians had a drunken frolic last night and one bit off the nose of another, which, some say, he swallowed, and others, that they found it near the house the next day. The son of the one who lost his nose shot the one who bit it off in the face with shot, but probably did not hurt him very much. I am acquainted with some who have had their fingers and thumbs bitten off on such occasions — fine sport, but it sometimes causes unpleasant feelings among them, which is more than overbalanced, however, by affording an interesting subject of conversation.

July 12. The Indians have had high times to-day. I am more and more confirmed in the opinion that, as a general thing, they are extremely glad when one is killed by an enemy. A great parade is always made at the burial.

To-day has been peculiarly interesting. What made it more than usually so, they killed a beef, weighing between eight hundred and nine hundred pounds, and have eaten most of it. In

addition to beef, they had a keg of whiskey, which would greatly enhance the interest of an event in itself interesting.

Those who have killed an enemy are permitted to sit together and one by one relate their stories and have the event pictured on a long board previously prepared and planed for the purpose. This afternoon a neighboring Indian brought a keg of whiskey to our village and invited the chief and chief soldier to drink. The invitation was refused, and the refusal so angered the Indians that now, about sunset, they are about killing Mahpiya-Wicaxta (the chief) and are running about the village yelling in first-rate style.

12, Midnight. The women and children all fled and hid. I conclude no one was killed, as they are all quiet and no coffin is wanted.

An affair came off this afternoon, not a very common occurrence among the Indians. Karboka's daughter quarreled with her little brother, and as her father could not stop her without, he whipped her. The girl being very angry came over to the hill by our house, where the dead are laid upon the scaffolds, to bewail her misfortune. Her grandmother, hearing her from the field where she was picking corn, left her work and came over to see what was the matter with her granddaughter. Like all good grannies, on hearing from the girl that her father had punished her, she became enraged, and in revenge hung herself by the portage collar to a scaffold on which the corpses lie.

The little girl, seeing her sympathetic grandmother in such a predicament, was so terrified that she set up such a screaming that it called us all out. It was in sight of our door. Jane was first on the ground and had the old woman loosed before we arrived. This she did in a quick-witted way, worthy the instincts of her race. Rightly reasoning that the rope would not sustain her weight in addition to that of the old lady, she grasped the rope above the old woman's head and all came down together.

Even with their ideas of futurity, the old woman acted a very foolish part, for when one hangs herself, as a punishment for the

act, she has to drag through eternity that which she hangs herself to, and at the same time be driven about by others. Now the old woman would have had the whole scaffold, which would have made her a severe load.

In the opinion of a Dakota, those who fall in battle are, in the future state, happiest of the happy, while suicides are most miserable of lost spirits.

Referring to the fact that those who usually attended Sabbath service had gone to a card-play instead, Gideon writes, in 1845, "The card-play is called 'Game-of-the-departed-spirits'": —

They believe that each person has four souls, or shades, one of which remains with a lock of hair taken from the head of the deceased, one by the corpse, one in the world of spirits, and one is not confined to any place. The present game is played at the expense and request of some individuals who have recently lost relatives by death. The object of it is to conciliate the favor of the spirits departed. They believe that the spirits of the dead control the weather, making it pleasant or unpleasant at their pleasure. This is a beautiful day, therefore they have positive evidence that the game is pleasing to those for whom it is played. The near relatives of the deceased furnish the property which is staked and invite persons to play for it.

At our village a short time ago the son of the chief, Mahkah-nartahkah (Ground kicker) made a ball-play to the spirit of a child he lost last fall. He purchased $50 or $60 worth of clothing and invited ninety men to play for it, forty-five on a side. Besides this he feasted them all. However, the spirit did not seem to be pleased, as we had a very tedious snowstorm. Heathenism is expensive.

Last night a widow ran off with her family in the night and left

her tent to the spirits, who frightened her away. An old man who is here says the "spirits" scared her because she has plenty to eat and does not feed them. They are always very particular to feed the spirits of their deceased friends and honor them by various performances. The spirits eat only the shade or spirit of the food; the substance is often devoured by the living, who are not unfrequently collected by invitation, under the scaffold where the body lies, to feast on that which is presented to the spirit.

The following extracts are from a letter written by Samuel Pond, August, 1844 : —

So far as this world is concerned we are more comfortably and pleasantly situated than we ever expected to be in an Indian country, and I trust we have good hope through grace of eternal life in heaven. Though we have not had such success in our labors for the conversion of the Indians as we hoped and wished for, yet I do not know as we have good reason to be discouraged. There is much preparatory labor to be done by missionaries before they can communicate the gospel to people of a strange language, and there are peculiar difficulties in the way of the conversion of the first who embrace the gospel among a heathen people. Though our labors have not resulted in the conversion of many, and perhaps not of any, yet we do not know that we are laboring in vain.

It is slow work to communicate the truths of the gospel to the minds of the heathen, but many of this people are becoming more and more acquainted with the way of salvation, and we hope the word of God will not return unto him void but accomplish the work whereunto he sent it.

There can be no harvest without a seedtime. For nearly twenty years the English missionaries to the South Sea Islands sowed in tears. A large amount of property and many lives were sacrificed, apparently in vain, but now they or their successors reap in joy, and that is one of the most successful of modern missions. Some

of these Indians seem desirous to learn the way of salvation and a few of them usually attend meeting at our house on the Sabbath, but such as manifest a desire to listen to the truth meet with a great deal of opposition.

For many ages Satan has reigned here undisturbed and he will not give up his dominion over this people without a struggle. Yet Jesus has conquered the powers of darkness, and in due time all the earth will be filled with his glory.

It would give me great pleasure to see you once more in this world, but I have more hope of meeting you in that new world, wherein dwelleth righteousness, than I have of seeing you again on earth.

The foregoing was to his mother. About the same time G. H. Pond wrote in a little different strain: —

It is probable that we can do as much good here as we could anywhere, and that we shall be less likely to become inordinately attached to this life than we should in any other place.

During several of the years last preceding Mr. Daniel Gavin had been laboring with little apparent result at Red Wing village. In an interesting letter written in his native language, which he always used in writing to Mr. Pond, he speaks of the various trials and discouragements encountered in his work at that point. Mrs. Gavin also adds a word to Mr. and Mrs. Pond, from which we quote: —

Oh, that I could give you a cheering account of the result of our labors here, but alas! all is dark except to the eye of faith. "Lord, increase our faith." Increase our confidence in thy precious prom-

ises is our prayer. What God is about to do with this people is known only to himself. Whether he will glorify himself in their salvation or in their destruction, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter.

The Winnebagoes are circulating the war-pipe among the Sioux with the intention of making a formidable attack upon the Sacs and Foxes. The lower band has accepted it, and it is expected to reach us very soon and no doubt will be welcomed.

The Chippewas, report says, meditate an early attack upon this band. Let us beseech the Lord to avert the stroke, peradventure they may be saved.

Do you still observe Friday P.M.? [referring to the woman's prayer meeting]. If so, do you remember your unworthy sister C.? Oh, forget her not! I am glad to hear that Master Yuwipi is improving. If he does not make a "Wicaxtayatapi"[1] here, he may, by the blessing of God, be fitted for a servant of the court of heaven. Courage, my dear sister! We have the promise of God if we do our duty.

About the year 1845 it became necessary for Mr. and Mrs. Gavin to withdraw from the Dakota Mission on account of Mrs. Gavin's failing health. Soon afterwards the enterprise of the Lausanne Society was abandoned, Mr. Denton having also engaged in other work. Cornelia Stevens came into the Indian country in 1835, a merry girl of sixteen, and had therefore been in this section ten years. Laborious, weary years they had been, and now, in broken health, she was going away apparently to die.

Just before the Gavins left Red Wing, their nearest

[1] Chief.

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond, made a canoe journey of one hundred and sixty miles (eighty miles and return) down the Mississippi to bid them farewell.

After leaving the land of the Dakotas the Gavins went to Upper Canada, where Mrs. Gavin regained her health, and Mr. Gavin labored several years with success at a place called Sabrevois. He died there about ten years after leaving Red Wing.

Mrs. Gavin supported her family by teaching French and music, until her children were grown. She died in Baltimore in 1872. Her oldest son, Daniel, born at Red Wing, had an intense longing for the sea, and after the death of his father became a sailor. He was wrecked in the mouth of the St. Lawrence on his first voyage, but again went to sea and was buried in the Indian Ocean. At the time of Mrs. Gavin's death but two of her children were living.

Long after Mr. Gavin's death, Mr. Pond wrote of him as follows: —

Friend of my youth, how few like thee
Through a long life my eyes have seen;
And who again can ever be
To me what thou hast ever been?

. . . . . .

Ah, best of friends! can I forget,
Till death shall stop my beating heart,
That hopeful hour when first we met,
Or that when we were called to part?

I have a record in my heart
  Of choicest treasures, rich and rare,
Of loves and friendships, true and pure,
  And Gavin's name is written there.

'T is written there in letters bright,
  A brightness which no age can dim:
For though I once had many friends,
  I had no other friend like him.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NEW STATION AT PRAIRIEVILLE.

EARLY in the winter of 1846 the way seemed to open for a new station at Shakpé village. Some time prior to this Samuel Pond, in a letter to the Missionary Society, said that more good could be accomplished at the villages already occupied if other contiguous points could also be occupied. The time seemed now to have come for taking possession of one of these points.

A message arrived at the Oak Grove Mission, summoning Samuel Pond to Colonel Bruce's office at Fort Snelling, where he found the chief, Xakpedan (Shakpaydan), and many of his principal men. The agent explained to Mr. Pond that their errand was to give him an invitation to locate at their village and instruct them, and they, at the same time, promised to send their children to school and give all necessary privileges, such as that of cutting wood for fuel, grass for stock, etc.

It will be remembered that the village named had refused Mr. Riggs permission to locate there, and Mr. Pond was well enough acquainted with the chief,

SHAKOPEE MISSION HOUSE.

Built in 1847 (still standing).

Shakpé, and his people, to have but little confidence in their professions and promises. Colonel Bruce, however, said that they had always been opposed to schools and missionaries, exerting a bad influence over the other Indians, and as they had now asked for a teacher of their own will he thought the opportunity should be improved.

Mr. Pond gave them no definite answer at that time, but told them to go home and talk the matter over and he would go up after a while and see them and come to some decision.

After waiting a few weeks Mr. Pond visited Tintowan, as the Indians called their village, and met the assembled band at the house of Oliver Faribault, their trader. The Indians seemed not to have changed their minds, but still insisted on their need of, and desire for, a missionary. They also said that no objections were made by any one in the village. When Mr. Faribault was asked his opinion, he said that he was first to suggest the move. Although Mr. Pond suspected that all was not just as it appeared to be, he determined to accept the invitation and remove to Shakpé's village.

Materials for a house were purchased at Point Douglass, in Wisconsin, and Gideon went down with a sled and several yoke of oxen and brought up the frame timbers on the ice to Fort Snelling. These

timbers were very heavy, many of them being twelve by fourteen inches in size. Soon afterward S. W. Pond went down with four yoke of oxen and loaded on his sled four thousand feet of boards and started to return, also on the ice. Near Grey Cloud Island, below the present site of St. Paul, the forward yoke of cattle slipped and fell on the ice, and the accident turned all the cattle from the track upon weak ice, where they all broke through into the Mississippi River.

The water was so deep that there was danger that the cattle would all be drowned; but they were strong and active and when relieved of their yokes succeeded one after another in getting out. Mr. Pond says: —

"I had of course to get into the water myself up to my waist, and found it a difficult matter to extricate them from their yokes and chains. Some of the bow-pins I chopped off, but lost my axe in the river before they were all unyoked. The yokes and bows did not sink, but the chains of course did. As fast as the oxen came out of the water I tied them to the sled, for I had ropes on them all, but with their additional weight the sled broke through the ice and I cut the ropes in haste and let them all go. Some of them were young and wild and all of them were frightened and ran off in different directions, some on one side of the river and some on the other. I caught them

one by one and tied them to trees. After recovering my axe and chains I went to Grey Cloud Island and got two men to help me unload and reload my sled. This accident detained me twenty-four hours, and I felt the effects of the wetting and exertion many days."

The timbers were framed and materials prepared at Fort Snelling, and on the return of spring they were loaded on a barge and taken up the river to the new location. Mr. Pond set a man at work digging a cellar and returned to Oak Grove. The following day the man who was left to dig the cellar appeared at Oak Grove, saying that the Indians had taken away his tools and had driven him off.

Mr. Pond says in regard to this occurrence: — "Colonel Bruce was then absent, and I forget who was in charge of Indian affairs at the fort, but I think he was a stranger to me. When I went to him with my complaint he said that Colonel Bruce had requested him to see that the Indians did not annoy me during his absence and he proposed to send up soldiers to arrest some of the Indians. I told him I thought a letter from him would answer my purpose just as well. So he gave me one. I went up and collected the Indians together at Mr. Faribault's and asked him to read the letter to them. He read it reluctantly but correctly, for I was there to listen to it."

The work of building proceeded without further interruption, and this was the only occasion on which military interference was solicited by the brothers in their missionary work.

The mission house at Shakopee was pleasantly located on gently rising ground, about half a mile south of the Minnesota River. At a distance of twenty rods or so to the west was the house of the fur trader, Oliver Faribault. Between these two dwellings was a ravine through which ran a never-failing spring of clear cold water, which had doubtless served to determine the location of the Indian village.

The village was south of the mission house and near by, and was called by the Dakotas "Tintonwan," signifying "The village on the prairie." Mr. Pond named the place Prairieville, by which name it was known until the arrival of white settlers, five years later, who, sacrificing euphony to novelty, called it Shakopee, after the chief.

Between the mission house and the Minnesota River lay a beautiful and fertile tract of "bottom land," as it is ordinarily termed, subject to annual or biennial overflow, the rise in the Minnesota depending upon the depth of the snows which accumulate during the winter in the section tributary to it. The maximum rise of the stream is from twenty-five to thirty

feet. The meadow above described was something more than one hundred acres in extent.

On one side of this fertile tract ran a clear sparkling stream of water, flowing from the spring before described, itself bounded in turn by a rocky bluff rising precipitously from the brink of the stream. This land was bounded on the other side by the Minnesota, sweeping in a beautiful curve around its border. This piece of land was cultivated by the Indians, and when not covered by water, tadpoles, and fishes, in the months of June and July, was rich with waving corn.

In the fall of 1847 the new home was ready for its occupants, and some time in November Mr. Pond moved his family to the new station. This family consisted at that time of Mrs. Pond, two daughters, Jennette Clarissa and Rebecca, five and three years of age, and a little boy scarcely one month old, called for his grandfather Elnathan Judson. The house, which was sufficiently commodious, was carefully and comfortably built, although inexpensive in all its appointments. The walls were carefully filled with moistened clay, making them probably bullet-proof and rendering the house very warm. Although the first frame house erected on the Minnesota River, above Fort Snelling, it is still a very comfortable home and still occupied by its builder.

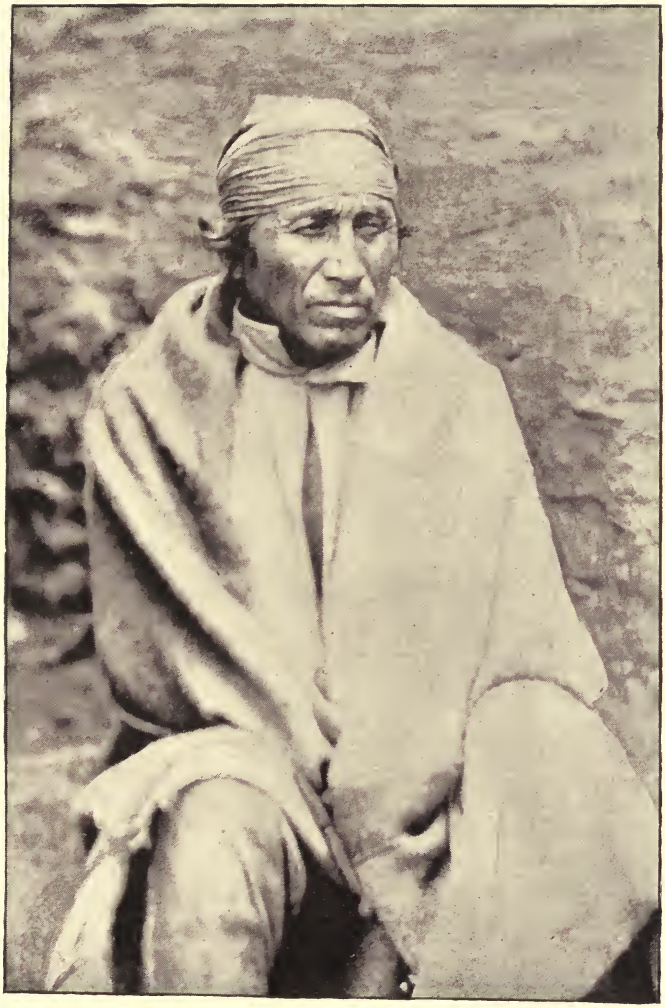
The band at Prairieville was a rather numerous

one, consisting of about six hundred persons. It was noted for the turbulent and warlike character of its men, and the chief prided himself on the length of that line of chiefs of which he was practically the last representative.

Chief Shakpé was a man of marked ability in council and one of the ablest and most effective orators in the whole Dakota Nation. Some of his epigrammatic expressions were often repeated and long remembered by his people. One such quotation has been already mentioned in connection with the battle at Rum River. Here is another: "No man who was absent from a battle but would have been brave had he been there; no man absent from a council but would have been wise had he been present."

With all his gifts Shakpé was a man who would stoop to petty thefts such as few Indian men would have been guilty of, and it seemed to give him little uneasiness when caught in the act. He was a man easily excited by opposition and vindictive in revenge. When excited he ran from place to place, laying aside the natural dignity of his race, and the degree of his excitement could be accurately measured by the rapidity of his trot. His character was quite in contrast with that of Cloud-Man of the Lake Calhoun band.

Shakpé was at first disposed to be insolent and overbearing toward the missionary. He one day very



SHAKPEDAN, OR SHAKPÉ (LITTLE SIX).

Last chief of the name, executed at Fort Snelling, for participation in the massacre of 1862.

abruptly asked him: "How long are you going to stay here?" Yankee-like Mr. Pond replied by the query: "How long are *you* going to stay?" The conversation passed from one topic to another until Mr. Pond finally told the chief that he had a forked tongue, the Dakota idiom for saying one lies. The chief became very much enraged, and spent the rest of the day in trotting from one tepee to another in great excitement. He afterwards said no man had ever ventured to use such plain language to him before. This plain talk, however, did him a world of good, and he became much more friendly afterwards.

Another important person at Prairieville was Oliver Faribault, the trader. Like many of the traders, he was somewhat autocratic and self-willed, and had great influence with the Indians. His trade must have been quite extensive, since he bought of the Indians at Shakopee and Carver, in a single year, fifteen hundred deerskins, a large number for a single band.

This trader died suddenly about the year 1851, but his family, consisting of a wife and four daughters, lived many years in the old home and always had a large retinue of Indian retainers around them, for their circle of native relatives was very large.

The voyager on the Minnesota, for a few years prior or subsequent to the year 1850, would have found near the present site of Shakopee a noisy and numerous

band of Indians. If a nervous or a timid man, they would have sadly tried his nerves while he tarried among them, and would moreover have surely tested his courage. He would have found there Indians of all known indigenous varieties save the innocent, harmless, milk-and-water species which a certain class of popular novelists delight to describe. He would also have found Indian dogs and Indian ponies, the former in formidable numbers. Very likely the Indians would have been compelling the ponies to fight, a favorite amusement of the young bloods of Prairieville in those days. The weird scaffold on which the dead were reposing in their last silent sleep would have been plainly visible on a slight elevation south of the village. It would have served to keep in ever-present memory the end of all flesh, especially if the wind happened to be in the south and it was the summer season. The rattle and shriek of the conjurer; the song and tireless tread of the scalp dance; and the wail of the mourner would have fallen in mingled and discordant cadence upon his ear.

If we except the tepees of the Indians and the crowded log house of the trader, the only place where he could have found shelter would have been the home of the missionary, and many travelers it hospitably entertained during those five long years of isolation. The nearest white man's dwelling on the

one hand was the Oak Grove Mission, fourteen miles distant, and the Minnesota, over which there was neither ferry nor bridge, rolled between. In any other direction it was more than fifty miles to the nearest neighbor.

Possibly the first view of the mission house would have suggested to the traveler the kraals of an African village, for it was surrounded, except in front, by a stockade or barrier consisting of sharpened stakes, seven or eight feet in length, set close together in a trench. This fence also enclosed a small field of perhaps half an acre. It was found that this was the only way in which potatoes and other vegetables, and in fact any kind of property, could be protected from the thievish habits of certain of the Indians. Even this in itself was not sufficient and many a long night was spent in watching the field. Inside the fence a trusty dog acted as sentinel, until poor Watch was poisoned for his faithfulness. His grave is with us to this day.

Dr. Williamson, observing this material fence, the work of his missionary associates, said he proposed to build a "moral fence" around his house. Mr. Pond replied that he found the material fence essential to his existence while the moral fence was in building. This little isolated station, constantly surrounded by, and almost constantly filled with, lawless members of one

of the worst bands of Indians in Minnesota, was no earthly paradise. With every precaution which ingenuity could invent and all the fortitude which experience assisted by grace could develop, life at the Prairieville station was but a doubtful warfare at best. In an article published in The Missionary Herald, Mr. Pond writes of this period as follows: —

> Our situation in many respects is unpleasant. We have no persons residing with us, and no white neighbors within sixteen miles. This is much the largest band of the Dakotas on the Minnesota, or Mississippi, and they all dwell within a hundred rods of our door, some of them much nearer. We have great reason to be thankful for the degree of peace and security we enjoy whilst living in the midst of so many savages, but we are continually annoyed in a thousand ways. They are all almost universally thieves and beggars, and though we have endeavored to have as little property exposed as possible we are obliged to be continually on the watch. My wife has been only a mile from home in three years, and when the Indians are here I seldom go out of sight of the house unless I am obliged to do so. Few days pass in which they do not commit some depredation. I do not mention these things by way of complaint.

This particular period of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Pond was truly a night of toil. Daily and hourly vexations were encountered on every hand. They were isolated from all society except such as the occasional meetings of persons living scores or hundreds of miles apart afforded. Letters from friends arrived not oftener than once a month and often at much

longer intervals. Most supplies were obtained through Dr. Weed, of Cincinnati, who acted as purchasing agent.

The good doctor exercised some discretionary power in filling orders received from the missionaries, and once, when one of the scientifically inclined sent for a work on phrenology, he refused to fill the order, stating it as his opinion that foreign missionaries could find better employment than that of studying the new science. Usually orders were filled in a very satisfactory manner.

The constant vexations of a house full of Indians, bent on giving annoyance in every way the ingenuity of fertile minds could invent, can never be adequately understood by one who has not passed through similar experience.

No hour was too sacred, no retreat too secluded, for the rude entrance of the Indians. They sat by the fire and smoked their pipes for hours in succession, while their wet and dirty feet left an imprint wherever they trod. The walls of the front hall were adorned with choice specimens of their famous picture-writing as high as the tallest of them could reach. Their dirty children were brought to be doctored and their dead to be encoffined. The sacred privacy of life in civilized communities was unknown to those living among the Indians.

The song of the scalp dance, which might be called the Dakota National Hymn, was heard many long nights in succession.

In the midst of these annoyances, the second daughter, always frail, seemed for a time entering the borders of the shadowed valley, and the Dakota women would come in, gaze upon her face, and say in their native language, "She will die," and then pass out. Mr. Pond said, "We supposed she would, but did not find the oft-repeated remark very consoling."

For the retiring wife, who was often compelled to remain for days alone, during the necessary absence of the missionary, surrounded as she was by the noisy revelry of six hundred Indians, life's burdens were often heavy; but she was one of those who can "suffer and be still," and she never murmured at the hardships of her lot.

The number who attended school and Sabbath services was never very large, and at the instigation of Round-Wind, mentioned elsewhere, the children who attended school were forcibly removed with a good deal of violence and forbidden to come again.

In addition to the opposition of some Indians and the distrust of others, a new difficulty was about this time encountered at the three stations nearest St. Paul, in the ease with which the Indians could procure "fire water" in that embryo town. The entire male

portion of a village would sometimes become so drunk and quarrelsome that the women would tie the feet and hands of their liege lords and allow them to remain so until they became sober. Occasionally men, while thus pinioned, rolled into the fire or into the water, and perished. During one drunken frolic a woman swung a firebrand which she snatched from the fire, so that a spark from it fell into a package of powder a man had on his back and the explosion of the powder killed the man. This indulgence in the use of liquor among the Indians was a very serious obstacle to missionary work.

The begging trait of the Indian character was another great annoyance. Sometimes fifty in a single day would ask, each for some little necessary, at the same time reminding the missionary that he came to do them good and now had the opportunity. It was impossible to give them all they asked for, and if denied, they often replied something like this: "I'll kill your horse," or, "I'll kill your cow," and sometimes they were as good as their word.

Sometimes the mischievous spirit of the Indians outwitted itself. At one time an Indian on whom Mr. Pond could rely came to him and told him that the Indians proposed killing his cow that night. He employed the Indian to quietly drive her into the barn and awaited developments. After a time, during

which there had been some commotion among the Indians, a very innocent-looking native came and told how some "bad Indian" had shot the missionary's cow, and of course since the poor beast was dead, the missionary could do no better than turn her carcass over to the Indians that they might feast and make merry. Mr. Pond expressed surprise and did not think it could be his cow; the Indian, on the other hand, was very sure that it was. Mr. Pond replied that it must be her "ghost," and taking the still incredulous native to his barn exhibited his cow in a very fair state of bodily health, although she always showed great mental disturbance at the approach of an Indian. At last it dawned upon the intellect of the bewildered aborigine that the dead cow belonged to the trader and would have to be paid for before it was eaten.

Another little incident illustrates the native quickness of invention which sometimes characterized the Dakotas. Mr. Pond found an Indian in his potato patch one night apparently searching for something. On inquiring the object of his search, the quick-witted but mendacious rogue replied that he was looking for a small pocket mirror which he had lost. Mr. Pond quietly remarked, "I have lived a good many years and this is the first time in the course of my life that I ever found a man out in the night with no light, but

with a pile of potatoes at his feet hunting for a looking-glass." The joke soon got out among the Indians and the object of it was destined to hear it often repeated.

Among the Dakotas most of the missionaries became, almost of necessity, medical practitioners to some extent, and at Prairieville station the demand for medicines was always more active than that for spiritual instruction. Dakotas had a more realizing sense of the diseases of the body than of the sickness of the soul. If the white men in their inexperience hastened the death of some of their patients, it is probable that they cured many more than they killed, which is perhaps about all that can be said of most medical practitioners.

In many common diseases, such, for instance, as intermittent fevers, croup, and various malarial disorders, Mr. Pond had an extensive and very successful practice. He also vaccinated very many of the Indians, as they were often willing to be treated by him while they refused the services of the physician appointed by the government. At one time his reputation as a doctor seemed somewhat in danger. A man of prominence had long been suffering from some mysterious disease and had been faithfully treated by the native doctors with no good result. His friends at last came to the missionary for medical advice.

The man seemed about to die. Mr. Pond said he did not wish to treat him, for if he died, as he probably would, they would all say the white man's medicine had killed him. The Indians replied that the man would die anyway, and the medicine could do no harm, if it failed to do good. Mr. Pond therefore administered such remedies as the case seemed to require, and went home. He had hardly reached there before an Indian rushed in saying that the man was in convulsions and was dying. Mr. Pond caught up a bottle of peppermint and hastened to the tent where the man lay. The man had already recovered from his convulsions and continued to improve until he was quite well. By this little occurrence Mr. Pond's medical reputation was greatly extended. There was a certain balsam which was very popular with the Indians, and they had great faith in the "costly medicine," as they called quinine.

By his own admission the government physician killed many of the Dakotas with his medicines, but he said he supposed it made little difference, as, if the medicine had not killed them, their disease would have produced in time the same result.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

ONE perilous accident, occurring somewhat later, may be mentioned here, that the narrative of these early experiences may be as nearly complete as possible before we pass to other things.

In the month of October, 1852, heavy snows fell and winter set in with unusual severity before the fifteenth of the month. Mr. Pond cut wood the previous fall, about three miles from home, in what was known as the "big woods." The sixteenth day of November, as the night was drawing on, he was descending a long, steep hill nearly three miles from home, with a sleigh load of wood. As he drove down the hill, the horses became somewhat unmanageable, and the sleigh swung against a stump, crushing Mr. Pond's right ankle between the load of wood and the stump. A part of the load of wood fell off, carrying him with it. The horses trotted merrily toward home with the lightened sleigh. On attempting to stand, Mr. Pond found his limb was broken, and when he attempted to move, felt the grating contact of the fractured bones. His position was a desperate one.

The dusk of evening was gathering. The mercury was below zero, and the chance of an Indian passing that night seemed practically hopeless. A kind Providence so ordered that the lines of the harness fell under the runner before the horses had gone more than twenty rods, which soon stopped the team. Mr. Pond painfully dragged his wounded limb through the snow until he reached the sleigh, and, climbing upon it, he finally reached home.

There was no surgeon nearer than Fort Snelling, twenty miles distant. Sending his little children out to the wood pile for timber of which to make splints, he set the broken bones that night, and the next day busied himself making a pair of crutches. Dr. Ames, of Minneapolis, arrived a day or two later, but did not remove the wrappings, saying the bones were set as well as so bad a fracture could be. It was a long time before the bones knit so that the limb could be used, and much longer before it became strong again. This accident was also followed by an almost fatal attack of lung fever.

During these five years at Shakopee, the loneliness was somewhat broken by occasional visits from the few white men who were led by business or inclination into the Indian country.

A man named Klepper visited the station in 1848, and had nearly caused serious trouble for himself and

others by his ignorance of Indian character and his own indiscretion. He was a medical student and was anxious to obtain the skeleton of an Indian. He finally secured the bones of a child and put them in his carpet sack. The Indians soon found that some one had been robbing their airy necropolis and were very much enraged. Mr. Klepper became alarmed, and asked the missionary what course he would advise the person to take who had done the deed. Mr. Pond replied that he would advise the guilty party to leave the Indian country at the earliest possible moment.

Mr. Klepper lost no time in acting upon the advice, but encountered Dr. Williamson on the road, who, in the kindness of his heart, insisted on carrying him on his way, and when he refused, the doctor seized his carpet sack, for the purpose of at least relieving him of that. Mr. Klepper was in mortal dread that the doctor would learn the nature of his baggage, but finally escaped without detection from the land of the Dakotas.

A clergyman by the name of Williams also visited the Prairieville station and left behind him a very pleasant memory, especially with the younger members of the mission family, to whom he afterwards sent the first toys they had ever seen.

In the year 1850, another was added to this little family, and the young mother, never very strong,

gradually failed in health from that time. The oldest girl, now eight years of age, was a great comfort and help to her mother, whom she was said to resemble closely in both character and person. She was morbidly conscientious and must have been rather precocious, since she had finished reading the Bible through by course before she was six years of age. The younger daughter was a frail little girl from her birth, and her parents had little expectation that she would live to grow up.

It is not surprising that the many cares, domestic and otherwise, incident to her lot among the Dakotas, should have undermined Mrs. Pond's constitution, already predisposed to hereditary disease. The support received by the missionaries to the Dakotas, which in the case of this particular station never exceeded $300 per annum, provided for little save bare subsistence, since provisions and clothing were expensive in this section at that time, as all supplies had to be brought from the states during the comparatively short period of summer navigation. Mrs. Pond performed all the work of her house with her own hands, besides the daily ministry to the wants of the Indians which her position made necessary.

In the fall of 1851, Mr. Pond obtained from the Board a year's leave of absence, and prepared to visit New England. The journey was a fatiguing

one, as much of it was by stage. A few days were spent in Michigan, where brothers of Mrs. Pond were then living. Somewhere in Ohio a railroad was reached, and the party finally arrived in Washington, Conn., late in the fall, where it received a warm welcome.

Kind friends took charge of the four children, for their mother was rapidly failing, and by the first of February it was evident that the end was near. On the evening of the fifth, the dying mother expressed a desire to see all her children once more, knowing that it would be the last time in this world. To the older ones she gave words of counsel which were carefully heeded and diligently followed. Jennette Clarissa never forgot her mother's parting words. Mr. Edward Pond went over the icy hill and brought Elnathan Judson from his aunt Jennette's, to receive his mother's last kiss and listen to her dying words. She told him to be a good boy and love God. To the youngest she said, "Poor boy! he will not remember his mother!" and kissed him farewell. She expressed perfect resignation to His will who doeth all things well, and so completed her work. Before the dawn of the morning of the sixth she had entered into rest. Her years were but thirty-six, and fourteen of these had been spent in continuous service among the Dakotas. She left four children: Jennette Clarissa, died April 7,

1867; Cordelia Rebecca, now Mrs. W. J. Dean, Minneapolis; Elnathan Judson, living at Shakopee; Samuel William, living at Minneapolis.

On a quiet hillside, in the old burying-ground, they laid her mortal part away, placing upon the grave this inscription, which seemed like an echo from her life: —

"Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Yes; as he journeyed Rachel died,
And ever to this day,
Our well-beloved Rachels we
Must bury by the way.

Their graves are strewn along the paths
Trod by the sons of men;
Like Jacob, we remember where
We buried them, and when.

S. W. P.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DAKOTA FRIEND. — ANOTHER BEREAVEMENT.

DURING the five years beginning with the fall of 1847, mission work at Oak Grove had been vigorously prosecuted with varying success. The use of intoxicants steadily and alarmingly increased among the Indians, and their inclination to work perhaps as steadily diminished.

G. H. Pond had been for some years pursuing a course of studies in preparation for the ministry and was licensed in 1847 and ordained one year later.

The third of September, 1849, the first territorial legislature convened in St. Paul and Mr. Pond represented his district in the lower house. He was especially active in his efforts in that body, to secure legislation giving civil rights equally to all, and prohibiting Sabbath violation, especially in the line of loading and unloading steamers on that day. In these efforts he was in a measure successful, and the initiatory steps taken by that legislature formed a substantial foundation for future action. The record of these years is far from complete, but we learn that they were filled with hard, conscientious work, and

were marked like other years by trials and triumphs of the faith.

Much opposition was encountered at this station, as at other stations near the growing towns of the territory, from prominent men among the Indians themselves, who naturally reasoned that white men would not labor so assiduously year after year among the Indians unless they had some expectation of future remuneration at their expense.

Mr. Pond writes under date of May 13, 1850: —

> Last week the Indians renewed their threats against those who are disposed to come to our religious meetings. The fact that two or three women who have not before attended have been attracted to us a few Sabbaths of late is the occasion of it. The great men appear to fear that if they let them alone, all the common people will go away and believe on Jesus. It is said that Red-Boy said that "whereas the missionaries were getting away all their money, the clothes should be torn from all who came to our meetings on the Sabbath."

At its annual meeting in 1850, the Dakota Mission determined to undertake the publication of a small monthly in the interests of their work. This paper was designed to serve a double purpose — to furnish reading matter in their own language for such of the Dakotas as could read; and also to awaken interest in the work among the friends of missions who were imperfectly acquainted with the history and needs of the Dakota work. G. H. Pond was selected to edit

this paper, which he continued to do until the little sheet was discontinued. The Rev. E. D. Neill, now of McAllister College, aided him in this work, editing the English part of the paper. This was the first religious periodical published in Minnesota.

In his diary, Mr. Pond speaks of the first issue of this paper as follows : —

November 4, 1850. Went to St. Paul with a manuscript copy of The Dakota Friend, and put it into the hands of the printer. It has been with great reluctance that I have attempted the work of editing this little paper. It has been laid upon me by the missionaries, under God. If I must perform this service, if it is the will of God that I should, he will enable me to do it. Without his assistance I cannot succeed. Lord, I look to thee for strength as my day shall be; and may thy rich blessing attend this enterprise! Oh, give wisdom and discretion that I may conduct the difficult and responsible work in thy fear and to thy glory! What am I that I should perform such a service?

November 27. Started early for St. Paul and returned in the evening, fasting. On my way home I met Governor Ramsey, who very kindly invited me, hereafter in my visits to St. Paul, to stop at his house and have my horse put in his stable.

It was with great anxiety that I waited to see the first number of The Dakota Friend. It made a more creditable appearance than I anticipated.

S. W. Pond contributed a number of pieces in verse to this paper, An-pe-tu-sa-pa-win, a legend of St. Anthony Falls, first appearing in its columns.

While its publication continued, The Dakota Friend

accomplished all that was expected of it by its originators, but changes in the mission, resulting from new treaties, made it necessary to discontinue the paper in August, 1851.

Mr. Pond's family increased, until there were seven children — five girls and two boys. When the youngest was about two years of age, the mother's health began to fail, and in the spring of 1853, after a lingering illness of eighteen months, she was called home. The weakness and sufferings of her last days were borne with the same patience and resignation that had characterized her in the manifold toils and hardships of her earlier labors among the Dakotas. The memory of such lives is blessed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW TREATY AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

IN the autumn of 1846 Dr. Williamson accepted an invitation from Little Crow's band at Kaposia to locate among them, and he remained with that band until it was removed to the Reserve, in 1852. While stationed there, he often visited St. Paul and other points, preaching to white people and laboring for the Master wherever the way was open. He sowed seed which bore fruit in after years.

In the meantime Mr. Riggs had been laboring, with little apparent success, at Traverse des Sioux, during the earlier part of this time. The four years spent by Mr. Riggs and Mr. Hopkins at that point, prior to 1847, were years of anxiety and hardship for them, and of indifference and open opposition on the part of the natives. Mr. and Mrs. Riggs returned to Lac Qui Parle in the fall of 1846, remaining there until the treaty of 1851. In the latter year they went east on a second visit, remaining away until 1852.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins remained at Traverse des Sioux after the removal of Mr. Riggs, and were joined by Mr. Huggins and family, who remained

there until their connection with the mission work terminated. Mr. Hopkins was drowned in the Minnesota while bathing, July 4, 1851. In this sad affliction the Dakota Mission lost a faithful and energetic member, and one whose heart was in the work. Shortly after his death, Mrs. Hopkins returned to Ohio with her three little children, all born at Traverse des Sioux.

Miss Fannie Huggins had become connected with the Lac Qui Parle station as teacher in 1839, and was afterward married to Mr. Jonas Pettijohn, who became also himself identified with that station as teacher and farmer.

Above are briefly noted the principal changes in the working force at the various stations, prior to the transition period commencing with the treaties of 1851 and 1852.

The treaty with the Mdewakantonwan and Wakpekute bands was concluded at Mendota, August 5, Governor Ramsey and Luke Lea acting as commissioners. Many Dakota chiefs were present, including Little Crow. The interpreter was the Rev. G. H. Pond. All the Indian lands belonging to the Sioux were ceded to the United States except a Reservation, beginning fifty miles above Traverse des Sioux and extending up the river to the Yellow Medicine River. This Reserve extended back ten miles from the river on either side. The Indians were to receive $220,000,

and annuities in addition amounting to $30,000 per year for a period of thirty years. This treaty became effective in 1852, and the Dakotas were removed by the government to their Reservation.

Special grants of land were made to all having mixed-blood families; and to the traders such sums were allowed as they claimed were due them from the Indians. In some cases the amount so claimed probably exceeded the whole amount of the trade up to that time.

Many of the Indians, especially the older ones, withdrew from their hereditary hunting grounds with sorrowing hearts. They left behind them the lands of their fathers, lands for which they and their ancestors had been fighting hostile tribes for generations. Their possessions were endeared to them by the traditions of their childhood and by all the associations of their own experience. There were the graves of their parents and of their children, and there they had hoped to one day sleep.

While the transfer was in a sense voluntary, the Dakotas fully realized that they were powerless to resist the encroachments of the white race. They saw before them but the two alternatives — to acquiesce in the sale or to submit to the seizure of their lands. Many felt in their hearts much as did the old Roman who so often uttered the sentiment:

"*Carthago delenda est*," merely substituting the white race for Queen Dido's troublesome city. Among the Dakotas, those who felt the most usually said the least.

The new mode of life within the prescribed limits of the Reservation was naturally, in fact necessarily, extremely irksome to a people accustomed to an active, roving life, untrammeled by any of the restraining rules and regulations of civilized communities. It is not surprising that such men as Shakpé and Cloud-Man, by nature and custom warriors and hunters, should soon have passed on to the happy hunting grounds, leaving behind them no successors of like influence and experience to exert a restraining power over the coming generation. Thus one of the chief obstacles was removed which had existed to prevent an outbreak of the savage spirit of the race.

To many, who had passed the best years of their lives in exciting hunts or glorious warfare, the new mode of life was

> "Lethe's gloom without its quiet—
> The pain without the peace of death."

The brothers Pond gravely weighed the question of removal to the Reservation, to continue the work to which nearly a score of the best years of their lives had been given.

They finally decided in the negative. Some of the reasons which led to this decision were given by S. W. Pond as follows: —

"While other missionaries hoped the treaty of 1851 would be of great benefit to the Indians, we, taught by past experience, believed the results of the treaty would be evil, and only evil.

"We had witnessed the effect of the treaty of 1837 and had been patiently waiting fifteen years, hoping that when the twenty years had expired, during which they were to receive annuities, the Indians would be compelled to resume habits of industry. When we came among them, we found them as a general rule an industrious, energetic people, and we hoped they would be so again, when they were compelled to support themselves without the aid of the government. So we were counting the years as they went by, hoping to see an end of the annuities and a change for the better. It was like waiting for a river to run by, for before the termination of the twenty years another treaty was made, no better than the first, and all our hopes of a change for the better were at an end.

"The older Indians had gradually lost their former habits of industry or were dead, and a new generation of insolent, reckless fellows had grown up, who spent their lives in idleness and dissipation. So long as they were scattered in little bands along the Missis-

sippi and Minnesota rivers, they were comparatively harmless, but now they were all to be gathered together on the Reservation, where they could act in concert and encourage each other in mischief. We did not anticipate anything so bad as the massacre of the whites in 1862, but we thought there would be serious trouble on the Reserve, and we did not like to take our families among such a horde of lawless, reckless sons of Belial. At the same time, we thought the prospect of our being useful on the Reserve was not sufficiently encouraging to justify the expense we must incur in removing and erecting new buildings.

"Mr. Treat, the Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, made us a visit and expressed himself as fully satisfied with our reasons for leaving the mission.

"As we never regretted coming among the Dakotas as we did, so we never regretted leaving them when we did.

"In a pecuniary point of view, it seemed safest for us to continue in the Mission, for we did not then know how we should succeed in supporting our families, and if we were taken away suddenly, we had little to leave them.

"We were then past our prime, and having almost discarded the use of the English language for many

years, we could hardly hope our preaching would prove acceptable to white people.

"For some years after we came to this country, we had little use for the English except when transacting business at the fort, and we had little of that to do. The language of the fur traders was French, and many of the Canadians could speak no other language. As we often had dealings with such persons, we learned enough French to transact ordinary business with them. Mr. Gavin aided us in learning to speak that language, although I could read it very well and speak it some before I met him. It was the Dakota language that chiefly engaged our attention, and we purposely avoided speaking English in our intercourse with each other, as soon as we were able to use the Dakota as a substitute for it. In fact, for many years we used the Dakota so much more than we did the English that we thought in Dakota, dreamed in Dakota, and when we spoke, whether we intended it or not, the Dakota would come first. I do not think we could speak the English as fluently at forty as at twenty years of age.

"For nearly twenty years after we came here to Minnesota we were fully determined to spend our lives with the Dakotas, and it was not without the greatest reluctance and a feeling of bitter disappointment that we came to the conclusion that we must leave them.

"It is not easy to turn one's back upon the labors of nearly twenty years and commence anew. It is especially hard when the vanished years have been years of privation and toil, and when the seed sown in labor and affliction and watered with tears seems to give little promise of fruitage. Yet we are assured the Lord of the harvest will adjust the accounts in the great day of final compensations."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHAT HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

SINCE the design of this history covers mainly the work among the Dakotas, a brief review of what had been accomplished up to this time, and of the later history of the bands with which G. H. and S. W. Pond principally labored, may with propriety be here introduced.

The manner in which the alphabet, orthography, etc., of the Dakota language were arranged has been already fully described, and also the pioneer work in collecting and arranging a vocabulary of the Dakota. Mr. S. Pond writes regarding this: —

> We were convinced from the first that our influence over the Indians would depend very much on the correctness and facility with which we spoke their language. When we had been among them five or six years, we had learned most of the words in common use. I see very few words now in Dakota books which I had not then learned, and after that new words came slowly.
>
> We observed that no white man among the Dakotas pronounced the words correctly or spoke the language grammatically. Some of them had Indian families and had lived among them thirty or forty years. We labored hard to avoid the defects we saw in others, for we wished to speak like Dakotas and not like foreigners.

We began as soon as we came to the Indian country to collect and arrange materials for a dictionary and grammar of the Dakota, and prosecuted the work steadily from year to year until it was completed. Though the grammar is a much smaller work than the dictionary, it was in some respects a more difficult one, and it was a long time before I could attain to even an approximation of what a grammar should be. Other grammars were of very little use to us in this work. The Dakota contains many peculiarities not found in any of the various languages with which I am acquainted, and to describe these peculiarities so as to be understood required much patient study.

The earliest manuscript dictionary now in existence was completed sometime previous to 1840 and contained about three thousand words. To use Mr. Riggs' expressive language, "entering into other men's labors," he found three thousand words collected in 1838. A grammar of a still earlier date is in the possession of the writer, prepared, it would appear, from an endorsement on one of the blank leaves, for the use of Dr. Williamson.

Many of the words contained in the vocabulary at this date were of course primitive words, and as the Dakota is rich in derivative and compound words, the collection thus made formed the groundwork for many additional words. This collection was constantly added to and enlarged, until in the autumn of 1847 it was practically complete, containing at that time about fourteen thousand words, or about

the same number as the dictionary published five years later by the Smithsonian Institution, which was edited by Mr. Riggs. This manuscript is now in the library of the Minnesota State Historical Society.

The grammar was completed about the same time, and was approved by Dr. Williamson in very emphatic terms. A considerable part of this grammar was printed in connection with the dictionary, Mr. Riggs having made a trip to Washington, Conn., where Mr. Pond then was, to obtain from him his manuscripts. Dr. Neill says: "Some alterations were made in the alphabet, but with the grammar, which had been prepared by Samuel Pond, he [Professor W. W. Turner[1]] was especially pleased."

Mr. Pond, writing of his dictionary not many years ago, said: "For many years I could not look upon my dictionary and grammar, which had cost me so many years of toil, without a feeling of sadness[2];" but while the years thus spent brought the toilers neither wealth nor fame nor other visible reward, they were content to leave the question of recompense to Him who is unerring in his judgments.

Most faithfully and persistently the main object

[1] Professor Turner was an able philologist, then instructor in Hebrew and cognate languages in Union Theological Seminary.

[2] This sadness arose from the fact that the work seemed, at that time, to have been all in vain.

of missionary efforts was presented to the Dakotas. Mr. Pond says: —

We tried to make them understand that while we were willing to aid them in things pertaining to this life, we regarded things spiritual and eternal as of paramount importance; but such language was new and strange to them, and they were slow to understand how men could be actuated by such motives.

The Dakotas had a general belief in the immortality of the soul, and a vague apprehension that men would be punished in another world for crimes committed in this. They also held that theft, lying, adultery, and murder were crimes that deserved punishment, so they had little to say against the doctrine of retribution; but when we made known the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, they maintained that though it was a good religion for us, it was not for them. They, however, were most of them very reserved in regard to their views on religious subjects, and when we presented the claims of the gospel, they either listened in silence or simply remarked that it was all very good, so it was difficult to ascertain whether or not they understood us.

In the summer of 1837 I entered a tent where were some visitors from the upper country, and the man of the house, who was a brother of the chief, told them who I was and what I said to them about religion. I was surprised to learn that he had a clear understanding of some of the more important articles of our faith, and could state them in plainer language than I could have done at that time in Dakota. That man on his deathbed told me he should die trusting in Christ, and wished to be buried like a Christian. He also requested me to instruct his son in Christianity.

So the seed was sown in season and out of season, and the principles of a Christian life taught by precept and example. But this sowing, continued during a long season of years, was "painfully discouraging."

The scattered seed seemed often wasted, for there were few conversions. Mr. Pond continues: —

"What troubled me most was the apprehension that the mission money that I was spending here might be more profitably applied in some other field, and I endeavored to get along with as little of that money as possible. I drew nothing from mission funds for my support until I had been here three years and more, and then commenced with a salary of $200 per annum, which was never greatly increased. Before the outbreak of 1862 I saw very few Dakotas who seemed to give evidence of piety. A few at Oak Grove, a few at Lac Qui Parle, and that was all."

Among these few was Simon Anawangmani, who was the first full-blood Dakota man to profess Christianity. In his youth and early manhood a noted warrior, during the remainder of his long life he was a valiant soldier in the army of the great Captain.

During the ten years prior to 1862 that the annuity Sioux lived on the Reservation, Dr. Williamson and Mr. Riggs continued their labors among them with little apparent result. Amos Huggins also, during a part of this time, taught a government school at Lac Qui Parle.

The seed of truth, during these years, seemed to lie dormant, and as the War of the Rebellion was an element in God's plan for the abolition of African

slavery, so the bloody insurrection of the Sioux in August, 1862, and the retribution which followed, seem to have been necessary to break the rule of tradition and superstition which presented an ever-present obstacle to the civilization and Christianization of the Dakotas.

It is not my purpose to speak of the causes, direct and indirect, which resulted in the outbreak. They have been many times recounted with more or less accuracy, and have become a part of history. We are now only concerned with its results.

The outbreak came and caused such a "reign of terror" as had never been known in the northwest. It is impossible to describe the bitter hatred felt by nearly all the whites toward every individual, without exception, of the hated race. This feeling was modified to some extent when it was found that several of the Christian Indians risked their own lives to save the lives of white persons; but with very many, especially those of foreign birth, to be an Indian was to be a murderer, entitled to neither justice nor mercy.

It was proven that none of the Christianized Indians had participated in the murders, although some of them were indirectly involved by the deeds of their friends and relatives.

Those who were most guilty fled across the line into British territory for protection, and still live there. A

large number of those who did not flee surrendered themselves to the troops under General H. H. Sibley, bringing with them all the captives, whom they had protected from injury.

Two persons connected with the mission families were killed — Amos W. and Rufus Huggins. The former was brutally murdered before his own door; the latter was wounded in the defense of New Ulm and died from the effects of the wound. Of the Indians who were taken prisoners, about three hundred were found guilty by a military commission, and were condemned to death. This sentence was approved, although in very many cases no specific acts of violence were proven. When the findings of this commission were submitted to President Lincoln for his approval, he mercifully and wisely interposed to prevent this second wholesale massacre, and directed that only those who had been guilty of murder or of the violation of white women should be hanged. Under this ruling thirty-nine were condemned; one, however, succeeded in proving an alibi, and but thirty-eight were executed. This thirty-ninth man was Tatemima (Round-Wind), who aided G. H. Pond in burying the victims of Hole-in-the-day's treachery, fourteen years before. The remaining nearly three hundred of the condemned were confined in prison at Mankato during the succeeding winter.

In January the Rev. G. H. Pond visited the prison and found a marvelous change in the character and disposition of the Dakotas whom he had once known so well. He reached Mankato January 31, and remained with the Indians some days. He writes in his diary of what occurred as follows: —

There are over three hundred Indians in prison, the most of whom are in chains. There is a degree of religious interest manifested by them which is incredible. They huddle themselves together every morning and evening in the prison, to hear the Scriptures, sing hymns, confess one to another, exhort one another, and pray together. They say that their whole lives have been wicked, that they have adhered to the superstitions of their ancestors until they have reduced themselves to their present state of wretchedness and ruin. They declare that they have left it all, and will leave all forever; that they will and do embrace the religion of Jesus Christ, and will adhere to it as long as they live; and that this is their only hope in this world and the next. They say that before they came to this state of mind — this determination — their hearts failed them with fear, but now they have much mental ease and comfort.

About fifty men of the Lake Calhoun band expressed a wish to be baptized by me, rather than by any one else, on the ground that my brother and myself had been their *first* and *chief* instructors in religion. After consultation with Rev. Marcus Hicks, of Mankato, Dr. Williamson and I decided to grant their request, and administer to them the Christian ordinance of baptism.

We made the conditions as plain as we could, and we proclaimed there in the prison that we would baptize such as felt ready to heartily comply with the conditions, commanding that none should come forward to receive the rite who did not do it heartily to the

God of heaven, whose eye penetrated each of their hearts. All by a hearty — apparently hearty — response signified their desire to receive the rite on the conditions offered.

As soon as preparations could be completed, and we had provided ourselves with a basin of water, they came forward, one by one, as their names were called, and were baptized into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, while each subject stood with the right hand raised and head bowed, and many of them with the eyes closed, with an appearance of profound reverence.

As each passed from the place where he stood to be baptized, one or the other of us stopped him and addressed to him in a low voice a few words, such as our knowledge of his previous character, and the solemnities of the occasion, suggested. The effect of this, in most cases, seemed to very much deepen the solemnity of the ceremony. I varied my words in this part of the exercises to suit the case of the person, and when gray-haired medicine men stood before me, literally trembling as I laid one hand on their heads, the effect on my mind was such that at times my tongue faltered. The words which I used in this part of the service were the following, or something nearly like them in substance: "My brother, this is a mark of God which is placed upon you. You will carry it while you live. It introduces you into the great family of God, who looked down from heaven, not upon your head but into your heart. This ends your superstition and from this time you are to call God your Father. Remember to honor him. Be resolved to do his will." It made me glad to hear them respond heartily, "Yes, I will."

When we were through and all were again seated, we sang a hymn appropriate to the occasion, in which many of them joined, and then prayed. I then said to them, "Hitherto I have addressed you as friends; now I call you brothers. For years we have contended together on this subject of religion; now our contentions cease. We have one Father, we are one family. I must now

leave you and shall probably see you no more in this world. While you remain in this prison, you have time to attend to religion; you can do nothing else. Your adherence to the Medicine-sack and the Watawe (consecrated war weapons) has brought you to ruin. Our Lord Jesus Christ can save you. Seek him with all your heart. He looks not upon your heads nor on your lips, but into your bosoms. Brothers, I will make use of a term of brotherly salutation, to which you have been accustomed in your medicine dance, and say to you, 'Brothers, I spread my hands over you and bless you.'" The hearty answer of three hundred voices made me glad.

The outbreak and events that followed it have, under God, broken in shivers the power of the priests of devils which has hitherto ruled these wretched tribes. They were before bound in the chains and confined in the prison of paganism, as the prisoners in the prison at Philippi were bound with chains. The outbreak and its attendant consequences have been like the earthquake to shake the foundations of their prison, and every one's bonds have been loosed. Like the jailer, in anxious fear they have cried, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" They have been told to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who will still save to the uttermost all that come to God by him. They say they repent and forsake their sins, that they believe on him, that they trust in him and will obey him. Therefore they have been baptized into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, THREE HUNDRED IN A DAY.

CHAPTER XX.

FIRSTFRUITS AND FILE-LEADERS.

WHILE the Pentecostal events described in the foregoing chapter were taking place within the prison walls at Mankato, a similar revival was in progress at the Indian camp near Fort Snelling. This camp was composed mainly of relatives of the prisoners under death sentence at Mankato. During the winter of 1862–63, the Rev. John P. Williamson labored faithfully among them, and accompanied them the following spring to Niobrara, on the Missouri River, where the government officials had determined to locate them.

As the Dakota exiles bade a last farewell to the scenes amid which their past lives had been spent, and cast a last lingering look from the deck of the steamer upon the places which had long known them but would know them no more, they all united in singing one of the songs of Zion in their native tongue.

Shortly after their removal, E. R. Pond, and later his wife, a daughter of Robert Hopkins, joined the mission at Niobrara in the capacity of teachers, thus taking up the work of their parents. The condemned

men were removed from Mankato to the government prison at Rock Island in the spring of 1863, and after being confined there for some years, those who survived the confinement were released.

After their release, many of them and also many of those who were located in Nebraska, left the Reservation, renouncing their annuities, and taking lands in severalty in the vicinity of Flandreau, S. D., and from that time on made as rapid advancement in the arts of civilized life as perhaps was ever made by any savage people of nomadic antecedents, whose ancestors had lived for many generations by the chase. Many of the active leaders in the little settlement at Flandreau were members of the Lake Calhoun band. The churches among the Dakotas soon became active, vigorous, and, to quite an extent, self-supporting organizations, ministered to by faithful and efficient native pastors. Of very many of these but recently wild, bloodthirsty, and superstitious Dakotas, it might be truly said that "all things had become new." Their complete renunciation of their old idolatrous customs and incantations, their observance of the Sabbath, their missionary labors among those more ignorant than themselves — all bore incontrovertible testimony to the reality of that faith which they professed. Readers rapidly multiplied, schools were well attended, and the

Dakotas made substantial progress in every line of advancement open to them.

The outbreak of 1862, and the consequent removal of the Dakotas of Minnesota to a distant section, made it difficult, if not impossible, for the elder missionaries with their families to accompany them in their exile. The Pond brothers had already withdrawn from the Mission, as has been stated, and now Mr. Riggs removed his family, first to St. Anthony and later to Beloit, Wis., where a permanent home was made. Dr. Williamson also located on a farm at St. Peters and made that place his home. Dr. Williamson and Mr. Riggs were, however, both connected with the mission work as long as they lived.

Respecting the general results of the many years of early missionary effort expended for the Dakotas of Minnesota, probably no man living is more competent to speak than is Dr. John P. Williamson, whose entire life has been consecrated to the work, and whose opportunities for accurately measuring the progress made have been unequaled. In a letter to the writer referring to the labors of the pioneer missionaries he says: —

I can say with all sincerity that the results of their faithful labors prove that they were not in vain in the Lord. The salvation of souls was their first object, and the seeds of truth they sowed have been the principal means in saving hundreds of souls. Among the Sioux who lived in Minnesota previous to 1862, we

now have (May, 1891) nine Presbyterian and two Congregational churches, with a membership of one thousand. There are also four or five Episcopal churches, with membership of over three hundred. These churches are now nearly all supplied by Indian preachers, who receive a considerable part of their support from their churches.

As to civilization, the scale is a sliding one, but the Sioux among whom the first missionaries labored have made long strides in that direction, and are far in advance of any other Sioux. There are now between three thousand and four thousand of the Minnesota Sioux, and they receive nothing from the government now except what is due them by treaty.

It is to be remembered in this connection that all of the three hundred baptized at Mankato were under sentence of death for murders committed, which makes their subsequent stedfastness the more remarkable.

In military tactics, when it is desired to "rectify alignment," as it is called, a certain number of soldiers at regular intervals in the line are ordered to step some paces to the front, their companions then receiving orders to advance to the position of the new line thus formed. Similar tactics are employed in the economy of nature and of grace, when tribes and nations are to make an advance in the scale of enlightenment.

In addition to the foregoing general statement of progress made, a brief sketch of the lives of some of those "file-leaders" may not be entirely without interest.

Eagle Help (Wanmdi-Okiye) was one of the most prominent, intelligent, and warlike members of the Lac Qui Parle band. Mr. S. W. Pond, who knew him long and intimately, wrote of him: "He was a man of uncommon mental abilities, and would have been so considered among white men." When the missionaries first located at Lac Qui Parle he was in the vigor of ripe manhood, a war prophet and medicine man, holding a position somewhat similar perhaps to that filled by Red-Bird of the Lake Calhoun band. He possessed an inquiring mind and seemed disposed to investigate the statements of the white men in a comparatively candid spirit. His earliest literary and religious instruction was received mainly from G. H. Pond, who first met him in 1836, and whose diary contains frequent mention of this man and of his efforts in his behalf. A letter of Eagle Help written to S. W. Pond, then in Connecticut, in February, 1837, is in the possession of the writer, and is doubtless the oldest specimen of native Dakota composition in existence. In this letter he expresses the hope that the coming summer "many of the Dakotas will learn to read." This letter was included in one by Gideon Pond, who says of it that the writing and spelling would have been better if the writer had not "feasted" just before writing.

In the winter of 1838 Mr. Pond nursed Eagle Help

through an attack of smallpox, and he was also his companion the following year in his canoe journey from Lac Qui Parle to Mendota. This Indian was a man of a very violent temper and was sometimes a dangerous friend as well as a formidable foe. On the last-mentioned journey a thoughtless remark of Mr. Pond nearly cost him his life. Eagle Help, who had lately lost his wife, blackened his face in token of mourning. The occasion of this act not at the moment occurring to Mr. Pond, he carelessly said, "I suppose you think that becomes you." This remark, so innocently uttered, the Dakota counted an intentional personal insult to be bitterly avenged.

Dr. Williamson fell into a somewhat similar danger at one time. Eagle Help wished to send a letter to a son who was then in Ohio, and the doctor refused to take it, intimating that the postage would have to be paid. Eagle Help took his gun and stationed himself near the road where the doctor must pass; but Mr. Huggins, in the meantime, went to the angry Indian and obtained from him the letter, promising to have it forwarded. Eagle Help afterward affirmed that if no move had been made toward forwarding his letter, the doctor's team would never have passed with him alive, and it is not probable that it would.

Cicero somewhere makes the statement that all men make a distinction between religion and superstition.

In like manner most Indians recognize a difference between the sorcery of the conjurer and the legitimate medical practice of the same party. Eagle Help was well versed in both these methods of healing. While he practiced the cunning arts of the Indian conjurer, he at the same time administered the simple remedies of which experience had taught the value. Indian treatment was remarkably successful in certain lines of surgical practice in which Indian doctors were experienced. They were both judicious and successful in the treatment of gunshot wounds.

When Eagle Help was dying he said, "My medicines are good, but if another attempts to use them, he may do more harm than good, so throw them all away."

In 1862, Eagle Help, though not himself personally engaged in the conflict, fled to the British possessions with the hostile factions, his son having been doubtless involved in the murders. This young man had enjoyed some advantages. He had spent a year in Ohio, and could speak some English; he also inherited his father's superior talents.

Eagle Help died at a recent date, in the Christian faith.

The party of which he was the acknowledged leader and patriarch had settled down to honest toil, while his people had professed themselves worshipers of

Jehovah. They had also formed a church organization, and erected a church building wherein regular church services were held before Eagle Help's death. This church has received aid and encouragement from the Presbyterian Church in the Northwest Territory. Eagle Help's son, who is still alive, is a professing Christian.

Next comes Nancy. Cloud-Man, chief of the Lake Calhoun band, had two daughters and also several sons. His wife was a woman of a very violent temper, and was a sister of the noted war chief Red-Bird. This woman often became so enraged that no one ventured to oppose her. On one such occasion she cut in pieces and destroyed a valuable parchment tent, without interference from interested parties standing by.

One of the chief's daughters was married in Indian form to an officer in the military service. This couple had a daughter whom the Indians called Wakantanka (Great Spirit), but since that was the term used by the missionaries for the name Jehovah, they naturally objected to its becoming the common name of a little half-breed girl, and therefore called the child Nancy.

Nancy was a fine, intelligent child, one of the most prepossessing in appearance of her race, and as bright and intelligent as she was handsome. When she was

about twelve years of age, her mother brought her to Mr. S. W. Pond, and proposed to give her to him to be trained and educated as a white girl, as her cousin had been trained. Nancy's narrow-minded and selfish old grandmother objected, saying she had taken care of the girl when she was small, and now that she was old enough to bear burdens, she would not give her up unless a horse were given her in exchange. As the missionary was not purchasing girls with horses, Nancy continued to live with and aid her loving grandmother. She contrived, however, to pick up a good deal of instruction at the mission at Oak Grove. High-spirited Indian girls are hard subjects to make slaves of, and the sequel of the old lady's oppressive treatment was an elopement and disgraceful matrimonial alliance on Nancy's part in another band. The disgraceful feature of the affair was the fact that the girl's relatives received no fair equivalent in exchange for her. Nancy's cousin had brought her loving grandmother a horse, a fair and satisfactory equivalent, while Nancy had not brought the old lady a revenue of even so much as a dog for feasting, and was therefore eternally disgraced. The proprieties must be observed, even among Indians. They, like other races, have their "sacred white elephants" of established custom which must be duly worshiped. A chief's granddaughter too!

The old lady had her revenge. Nancy had stored her ornaments in the storehouse at the Oak Grove Mission, and when she returned for them after her marriage they were found to be gone, taken by her grandmother. As the Indian bride realized the extent of her loss, she turned away wailing, probably sorrowing as much at this unkind act on the part of her relative as at her own loss.

Nancy had two sons, who are now in the prime of early vigorous manhood, active, intelligent, and influential men. One of them, the Rev. John Eastman, is pastor of a Presbyterian church at Flandreau, speaks English with ease and fluency, and is respected by all who know him. His brother, Dr. Charles Eastman, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a man of superior education, both literary and medical, and has already taken high rank in his profession. He is now government physician at Pine Ridge Agency. He was recently married in New York to Miss Elaine Goodale, a teacher.

These two young men have usually been spoken of as full Dakotas, but strictly speaking are three-quarter bloods. They are great-grandsons of chief Cloud-Man, of Lake Calhoun, the patriotic elements of whose character they seem to have inherited in a marked degree. Such men — thoughtful, progressive, practical — are an honor to any age and to any race.

They are the true file-leaders in the march of human progress.

In the Lake Calhoun band there were two brothers whose names were Hepi (haypee) and Catan (chatan), signifying that they were third and fourth in order of birth in their father's family. All Dakotas are thus provided with names when they come into this world, and they are sometimes known by these names as long as they live. These were bright intelligent boys, and at the time when our sketch begins were probably twelve or fifteen years of age. They were not only bright but ambitious, and in spite of the ridicule and opposition of their companions they regularly recited to Mrs. Pond, who had undertaken to teach them to read and write. Mrs. Pond became much attached to her pupils, and they and she both persevered until the brothers could both read and write their own language very well. The task must have been often in some respects an unpleasant one for the teacher, since the best of Indians, in their native barbarism, are not given to divers washings, whatever may be said of their tendency to carnal ordinances.

After a time the teacher removed to Shakopee, and the lads occasionally visited the mission station at that point, usually carrying with them some portion of printed Scripture in their native language. They always received a warm welcome from their former

teacher, and seemed to feel a special regard for her. Notwithstanding their literary attainments and amiable dispositions, they gave no evidence of any change in heart or life.

In the spring of 1858 a war party of Ojibways visited Shakopee to obtain scalps. These two brothers, now grown to manhood, had just before, with others, made a raid into the Ojibway country and had returned with a scalp. They encamped on their return on the outskirts of the village of Shakopee and danced nightly around the scalp which they had taken.

There were about fifteen lodges of the Dakotas at that time in the vicinity. The Ojibway war party, having gained the bluff which overlooks Shakopee without being discovered, were silent but interested spectators of the scalp dance, which took place under their very eyes. The writer remembers very distinctly standing beside the dancers the evening before the battle and watching the progress of the dance, which took place but a short distance from his father's door.

The succeeding morning, a few stragglers from the main body of the Ojibways, which was led by Hole-in-the-day in person, shot a Dakota who was fishing in the river, bringing on, prematurely, a conflict. The plan of the Ojibway chief was to surprise the

Sioux camp in the night, and if this plan had been carried out, he would doubtless have succeeded in destroying the camp.

The battle took place on low ground, between Rice Lake and the river. Four or five Dakotas were killed, and about the same number of Ojibways. Catan was shot through the lungs and was borne away on a litter, for both he and his brother were active participants in the battle. The Dakotas hastily intrenched their camp, fearing an attack the following night; but the Ojibways returned at once to their own country, and after a few days the Dakotas also went back to the Reservation. Those who were slain in the fight were buried the same evening near the Indian camp, and I remember observing that one of the bodies was headless. Doubtless the enemy had taken away the head to scalp at leisure. I well remember Catan's smiling farewell as they bore him away. We never saw him again.

Finally both these men were condemned to death for participation in the outbreak of 1862, but in the revival in the prison they were among the most active in persuading their fellow captives to become Christians. It is said that the example and exhortations of Catan did more than those of any other one of the Indians confined at Mankato in preparing the way for the work of grace wrought there. He

died at Rock Island, an apparently sincere follower of Christ.

Hepi was released after a time and located at Flandreau with many of his kindred. He became a faithful and consistent preacher of the gospel of Christ. In 1884 he wrote to his old friend and instructor, from Flandreau, as follows: —

S. W. POND:

Brother, — The letter which you sent me I received safely, and rejoicing I read it. I opened the envelope and saw the picture of the face of a good-looking young woman. "Who is this?" I thought as I gazed upon it. Then I gave it to my children and read the letter. I used to see your two girls long ago, and I thought this must be one of them. "The older is dead, and this must be the younger," I thought. When I was a boy, her mother was kind to me, and it seemed as if this were she. As I read the letter, brother, it seemed as if you had come into my house, and I gazed at the letter rejoicing. God has watched over you well and multiplied your days, and we can now converse with each other. That is a great joy.

Of the Dakotas who were about your age when you came, a young man, none are now living on earth, and even of their children only here and there one is alive.

Brother, I will tell you how many of my father's children are left. There are two of us living, but we had not the same mother. The other is a man and has many children, but I do not know how many, for they live far away. . . .

In our church we always have good meetings. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper we shall observe the second of March.

To-day the wind blows from the south and there is a great flying of snow. I think perhaps the snow is melting with you to-day, for you are sheltered from the wind.

JOSEPH BLACKSMITH (WAKANHDISPA),

Native Missionary.

That is all I will say. I shall preserve your daughter's picture carefully, also yours. With all my heart I salute you.

One of your kindred,
JOSEPH BLACKSMITH,
HEPI AM I.

After writing the foregoing letter, Hepi was sent by the native missionary society to labor among pagan Indians at Fort Totten. The few remaining months of his life were spent there in successful missionary work. He wrote the following from that place: —

FORT TOTTEN, Dakota, November 21, 1885.

Mr. S. W. POND:

My elder Brother, — To-day I look toward you and remember you. I came from Flandreau north to Devil's Lake. I am in the midst of many Dakotas. I tell them the words of God. On the Sabbath many of them come and hear gladly.

Last fall, at the meeting at Sisseton Agency, they directed me to come here and I am here. Brother, I am not well, but not very unwell.

Your younger brother,
JOSEPH BLACKSMITH.

Shortly afterward his last letter was received. The concluding portion of this letter is unfortunately lost, but of that which remains the following is a translation: —

FORT TOTTEN, December 10, 1885.

S. W. POND:

My elder Brother, — The letter you sent me I have received and rejoice. To-day I raised blood and was alarmed, but suddenly they brought me a letter, and I read it at once, and as I gazed at

your words I felt brave and was no longer afraid. You have made me glad.

Though I raise blood, I feel comfortable. Every Sabbath they come well and delight in singing. I have never been confined to the bed, and I continue to preach to them. Now the people with whom I am say to me, "Now that you have raised much blood, if you will perform no labor, it will be well with us." So they proposed that I should live in the house of a young man named Job, and I am living there.

Your picture that I have I show to them and say to them, "This is he who wrote to me. I also say, "This is he who made our alphabet for us." Then they look at your picture and hand it from one to another. I tell them of your brother Matohota [G. H. Pond], and say, "When I was a boy, these men gave me instruction."

Mr. S. W. Pond describes the last days of this remarkable man in a letter written shortly after his death: —

Perhaps you know Hepi Wakanhdisapa is dead. He was a delegate to the General Assembly [Presbyterian] last spring, and was sent to Devil's Lake last fall to preach to the Indians there. In the winter he wrote me that he had been bleeding at the lungs, and I advised him to stop preaching. His children at Flandreau, when they heard of his sickness, requested John Williamson to call him home, and he did so; but Hepi refused to leave Devil's Lake. He said, "I want to be with my children, but God has given me a work to do here and I must finish it." His wife was with him when he died and gives the following account of the last day of his life: —

"That day he seemed to be tolerably comfortable and five men came to read with him, with whom he spent the whole day till

evening, when they went home. Then he put on his coat and stood outdoors. As it was some time before he came in, a girl — his daughter — went out and stood beside him. He said to her, 'Now I shall die,' and went into the house. He then said, 'I wanted to die in the presence of my children, and thought I should feel sad, but I have been standing out-of-doors and looking at the beauty of the heavens, and I rejoice. Let us have our evening worship soon.' He then took the Bible and read the account of the translation of Elijah, and prayed. He was then anxious to have the man return soon who had gone to the post office for his letters, and when he came said, 'I will see first the letters from Flandreau,' and opened two of the letters, but did not read them. He handed them back, saying, 'I feel strangely,' and then as they supported him he said to his wife, 'Do you not remember that I said I wished to have my body lie at Flandreau?' She said, 'Yes.' He then said to a young man who was present, 'Nephew, take the Bible and pray; I am going now.' The young man did so, and when he had prayed, Wakanhdisapa raised his hands and said, 'To all the ministers and elders with whom I have been associated, good-by,' and died."

The foregoing are a few specimen examples of many that have been brought out of the shadows of darkest paganism into the glorious light of the gospel of Christ through the human instrumentality of the missionary labors of the Pond brothers and their associates, briefly sketched in these pages.

"He that winneth souls is wise" — wise for a more enduring world than this.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLDTIME FRIENDS.

A FEW were found among the early pioneers, not connected with the mission, who afforded the Ponds substantial aid in their pioneer work among the Dakotas. Perhaps Major Lawrence Taliaferro is entitled to most prominent mention in this connection. He received the brothers kindly, and during all the years of his official service was their warm personal friend and adviser. He was ever remembered by them both with feelings of kind regard and grateful esteem.

In a letter written by G. H. Pond in the cabin at Lake Calhoun, November 14, 1834, the following passage is found: —

> We have had a visit to-day from two men, professors of religion: one, an officer from the fort, who has been there two or three months; and the other, a trader, who has been here one month. We had a prayer meeting in our house, four of us, while they were here. The trader is a temperance man and expects to take the place of one who smuggled and sold whiskey to the Indians and caused some intemperance among them. This is one of the remarkable occurrences.

This was one of the most remarkable prayer meet-

ings ever held in the territory now called Minnesota. The visitors from the fort were Major Loomis, then in command of the garrison at Fort Snelling; and H. H. Sibley, for many years afterwards the most prominent business man in the entire northwest and the first governor of the state. They doubtless prayed for the success of the infant mission to the Dakotas, and for the conversion of the garrison at the fort, both of which prayers were in a measure answered.

The acquaintance at that time formed with Mr. Sibley continued during succeeding years and was only terminated by death. He ever manifested a friendly feeling toward the mission and its founders, both at Lake Calhoun and Oak Grove. He was one year younger than G. H. Pond and arrived in the Indian country a few months after they landed at Fort Snelling.

The following letter, received by G. H. Pond the February preceding his death, will be found of interest: —

My dear old Friend,— I was much gratified to receive your kind and affectionate reminder of the olden time, and I cordially reciprocate your sentiments. As I grow older I feel more and more like holding fast to my early friends, among whom I have always counted you and your good brother Samuel.

Our acquaintance dates back to the year 1834, you having come here in the spring, and I in November. Considerably more than the lifetime of a generation have we been identified with what is

now Minnesota. In the providence of God our spheres of action have been different — you having consecrated yourselves to the service of the Master, while my avocation has been purely secular. That you have both well and faithfully served him I can attest, and I verily believe that "there are crowns laid up for you" against that day. . . .

I am now sixty-five years old, with health considerably shattered and infirmities which warn me that erelong I must be gathered to my fathers. I "hold fast to the faith once delivered to the saints." It would betoken a false humility on my part to state that I have lived an altogether useless life.

I do not believe this, and yet on the other hand I know I have left undone many things I ought to have done. I can look back and remember hundreds of lost opportunities for glorifying God and serving my fellow men. Judged therefore by the stern and awful requirements of the law, I am a guilty creature; but I trust in the mercy of God through his Son for forgiveness, having no other reliance or hope. I trust, my dear friend, that we may be permitted to meet again "before we go hence to be no more seen." In any case, we are in the hands of a gracious and merciful God. When you write your brother Samuel, please convey to him my kindest remembrances and receive the same for you and yours. I am always glad to hear from you.

Affectionately your friend,

H. H. SIBLEY.

On the occasion of the death of G. H. Pond, General Sibley wrote of his early friend as follows: —

When the writer came to this country in 1834, he did not expect to meet a single white man except those composing the garrison at Fort Snelling, a few government officials attached to the Department of Indian Affairs, and the traders and voyageurs employed by the great Fur Company in its business.

There was but one house or log cabin along the entire distance of three hundred miles nearly, between Prairie du Chien and St. Peters, now Mendota, and that was at a point below Lake Pepin, near the present town of Wabashaw.

What was his surprise, then, to find that his advent had been preceded in the spring of the same year by two young Americans, Samuel W. and Gideon H. Pond, brothers, scarcely out of their teens, who had built for themselves a small hut at the Indian village at Lake Calhoun, and had determined to consecrate their lives to the work of civilizing and Christianizing the wild Sioux.

For many long years these devoted men labored in the cause, through manifold difficulties and discouragements, sustained by a faith that the seed sown would make itself manifest in God's good time. The efforts then made to reclaim the savages from their mode of life, the influence of their blameless and religious walk and conversation upon those with whom they were brought in daily contact, and the self-denial and personal sacrifices required at their hands are doubtless treasured up in a higher than human record.

Referring to the literary labors of the Ponds among the Dakotas, General Sibley adds: —

Indeed to them and to their veteran co-laborers, Rev. T. S. Williamson and Rev. S. R. Riggs, the credit is to be ascribed of having produced this rude and rich Dakota tongue to the learned world in a written and systematic shape, the lexicon prepared by their joint labors forming one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington City, which has justly elicited the commendation of experts in philological lore as a most valuable contribution to that branch of literature.

In occasional letters, written during the declining years of his life to Mr. S. W. Pond, General Sibley

used the kindest language of hearty appreciation in speaking of the work which had filled the past lives of these brothers.

The following are the concluding letters of this correspondence: —

January 30, 1888.

GENERAL H. H. SIBLEY:

My dear Friend, — I have often felt inclined to write to you, but hesitated because I have so little to write which you would care to read. You and I have moved in different spheres, for while my life has been spent in obscurity, yours has been just the reverse. My deafness excuses me from service in public, and I lead a solitary life, seeing little and hearing less of what is going on around me, while you are in the midst of the bustle of a great city, with many affairs both public and private claiming your attention. But after all, is there not a feeling of fellowship between us? Some of your friends — Turner, Ogden, Loomis, and others — were my friends too, and when you lost them I lost them; and many of your acquaintances of fifty years ago were my acquaintances, and together we have seen them one by one pass away until nearly all are gone.

Of all the pioneer missionaries to the Dakotas I am left alone. And do you not sometimes feel a little lonesome, though surrounded by a host of friends? Where is now that merry company that was wont to assemble every summer at your headquarters, so full of life and jollity? From Lake Pepin to Lac Traverse, from Rock to Frenier, they are gone — all gone — gone to oblivion: for who knows that they were ever here? They have not been succeeded by their children, but supplanted by strangers, some of them by strangers from beyond the sea. They who lose the friends of their youth meet with a loss which can never be repaired, and few of the friends of their youth are spared to them who like

us have outlived two generations. You are the only one left to me, except Boutwell, and he is eighty-six and very infirm.

I believe that you are somewhat younger than I, but we are both on the broken arches of Addison's mystic bridge, and no precaution will preserve us from soon falling into the gulf below. When we fall may the tide bear us away to the "Isles of the Blest," which the poet saw with delight!

When we take a retrospective view of our past lives, we see abundant cause for both regret and gratitude: regret for our many misdoings, and gratitude toward Him who hath not dealt with us after our sins nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. And can we not look forward with cheerful hope, the hope of eternal salvation through him who "hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light"?

General Sibley's reply is as follows: —

ST. PAUL, February 1, 1889.

My dear old Friend, — I was much gratified to receive your friendly letter of the 30th ult.

Providence, as you suggest, having cast our lot in different spheres, we have necessarily been separated for many years; but time has by no means blunted the affectionate regard I entertained for your sainted brother Gideon and yourself.

We came to this then wilderness in the same year, 1834, and while he was called to his rest many years since, you and I, for some wise purpose of our heavenly Father, remain to accomplish our mission, while almost all of our old mutual friends have been gathered to their fathers. The Rev. Mr. Boutwell, you, and myself are, if I mistake not, the only ones left of the original white pioneers.

Your career has been a quiet but most useful one, devoted as you have been to the service of the Master. Mine, on the contrary, has been a life of unceasing activity, called as I have been

to fill various offices, contrary to my inclinations, for I never sought such positions voluntarily. I have endeavored nevertheless to discharge the duties devolved upon me in the fear of God, and if I have been of service to my fellow men, I owe it not to any merit of my own, but to Him "who doeth all things well."

In this the evening of my life, my efforts, for more than forty years, to induce the government to change its Indian policy, and to do justice to that race, although unsuccessful, are a source of consolation to me; while in other things I lament my shortcomings and lost opportunities.

You and I are so far advanced in life that in the course of nature we have but a brief time to live. May we have a well-grounded hope of meeting in another blessed sphere, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"!

Another early and valuable friend was found in Dr. Turner, whose cordial kindness and rare medical skill were both highly appreciated in this frontier section. The doctor's estimable wife was also a valued friend of the ladies of the missionary party. Mention has already been made of the kind aid and encouragement afforded the enterprise by Major Loomis and his noble son-in-law, the lamented Lieutenant Ogden.

Eugene Gauss, an educated German military man, was also a worthy member of this pioneer circle.

In later days Governor Ramsey and the Rev. E. D. Neill were especially interested in the brothers, and Dr. Neill became a most zealous and lifelong friend of them and their work.

It would be vain to attempt even a passing notice

of the many kind friends more or less intimately associated with these early missionary laborers and gratefully remembered by them both as long as they lived.

Providence prepared the way for such measure of success as was enjoyed, by raising up, in many cases, unexpected friends, and in others changing opposition to indifference and indifference to friendship.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PASTORATE OF TWENTY YEARS.

THE record of missionary labor briefly sketched in the foregoing pages, commencing on the shores of Lake Calhoun in 1834, practically terminated with the removal of the Indians in 1853, although both the brothers Pond, for many years afterward, held occasional Sabbath services in the native language for such of the Indians as remained in the vicinity of the old mission houses. The number of these stragglers varied, but was often quite considerable. With the transition period, the narrative contemplated by the writer practically ends, but this story would be incomplete without some mention of the work afterwards undertaken and accomplished by S. W. and G. H. Pond.

In October, 1853, Dr. Treat, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, wrote Mr. Samuel Pond as follows: —

> The change in the treaty still seems to me very unfortunate, and yet we ought not to give up the Indians, though the government pursues a hurtful policy toward them. Hence we labor in hope that the dawn of day may come at length.
>
> We are very sorry to have your brother leave us, but his own

convictions of duty are so decided that we cannot say nay to his request. You, I trust, will hold on for the present even though you are compelled to hope against hope. A few months will shed light on this subject and will make certain things more clear. I have a dim floating expectation of visiting your mission hereafter. The time may not come, however, for a year or two.

This expectation of visiting the Dakota Mission was shortly afterward realized, and after personally looking the field over, Dr. Treat cordially acquiesced in the decision of the Pond brothers, believing with them that the prospect of accomplishing good among the incoming white population was at that time vastly greater than among the Sioux. Both S. W. and G. H. Pond felt in some respects ill prepared for the work to which Providence seemed to call them. Long disuse of their native language had in some measure impaired their command of it, and long association with a savage people had, they feared, somewhat unfitted them for the office of pastor.

They had not enjoyed the prestige which a collegiate education might confer, although this lack they had in some degree supplied by so diligently applying themselves to the study of the Greek and Hebrew tongues that for many years they both used the originals in family worship daily, translating with such ease and readiness that one unacquainted with the English version would hardly have suspected the process of translation.

S. W. Pond later in life applied himself to the Latin and German with similar diligence, in order to read the Vulgate version and Luther's translation. The works of Cicero, Virgil, and Paterculus he learned to read with ease, and gained a very accurate knowledge of the involved and peculiar idiomatic constructions found in the last-named author. Such studies were his favorite recreation.

In the prosecution of these various lines of study, S. W. was the more inclined to general work; G. H. to special. S. W. Pond applied himself from a natural fondness for study in both classical and scientific lines, abstractly considered; G. H. Pond, on the other hand, for the sake primarily of the greater good which such acquisitions would enable him to accomplish.

The nearly a score of years spent in teaching the Indians and reasoning with them "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," while not altogether in the line of pulpit and pastoral work among civilized people, was not altogether lost time when considered in connection with the somewhat different work which lay before them. Whatever preparation or lack of preparation these brothers may have had, they were surrounded by souls hungry for the bread of life, and in the name of their divine Master they proceeded to break it to them.

It was a sudden transition from the old dispensation

to the new. The advancing column of the incoming race trod hard upon the heels of the nation superseded. Every steamer which ascended the Mississippi was loaded to the guards with settlers and adventurers, seeking the promised land in the new Northwest. This tidal wave was largely composed of a restless population much like the sand-burrs, which temporarily hold the shifting soil until they are replaced by permanent vegetation. Thus very many of these first arrivals floated westward with succeeding years to again encounter the hardships and enjoy the excitements of pioneer life.

Now, however, they beheld in every crossroad an embryo town; in every collection of shanties a future metropolis; and in every barren sand bank a fertile plantation. Their paper cities, laid out upon the open prairie, were soon to become commercial marts, while visions of agricultural wealth, manufacturing activity, and political preferment danced like the mists of the morning before their enchanted vision.

The German and Irish races succeeded the Canadian French, the shiftless white man supplanted the shiftless half-breed, and the Anglo-Saxon took the place of the Dakota. War songs and scalp dances gave place to church bells and Sunday-school hymns, while the stone wayside shrines of the Dakotas were replaced by the steepled temples of Jehovah.

Around the mission station at Oak Grove a rural population speedily became located, and at the Falls of St. Anthony an embryo city sprang up. Religious services were held in the new town by the Rev. G. H. Pond, in the house of his friend Colonel Stevens at first, and afterward in other places, as opportunity offered. On the twenty-second of May, 1853, he organized the first Christian church in Minneapolis proper, it being the earliest church organization west of the Falls of St. Anthony.

At Oak Grove, which now assumed the name of Bloomington, a church was soon organized consisting of members widely differing in their former church connections and preferences. This church, as well as the one at Shakopee, was organized as a Presbyterian church although both pastors and many of the members were by early training Congregationalists.

It might have been supposed that a church formed in this way would have proved discordant; but under the wise leadership of its pastor, whose splendid executive abilities all acknowledged, the church was singularly harmonious and became the banner church in Christian giving within its Presbytery.

In 1854 Mr. Pond represented the Presbytery of St. Paul in the General Assembly. When he returned he was accompanied by the second Mrs. G. H. Pond, formerly Mrs. Robert Hopkins, who thenceforth

shared the toils and privations and lightened the burdens of his life. Her three children added to his seven made a family of ten, and to this number six little ones were afterward added, making in all sixteen.

In the year 1856 a church building was completed and dedicated. It was built and paid for without outside assistance, a large part of the expense being borne by the pastor from his slender means. Faithfully, wisely, and well Mr. Pond ministered to this church for a period of twenty years.

His large family was governed with parental kindness but with military precision, and all around him were taught by precept and example to value, first of all, things spiritual.

His life knew much privation and hardship, for his family was large and his income small, and his gifts to his Master's work often more than he could well afford. His farm, on which he depended for a part of his support, was at that time unproductive, and a man of less ability and energy would have failed.

He was not exempt from family affliction. His second son, a boy of rare promise, lost a limb by the accidental discharge of a gun when about fourteen years of age. Having determined to enter the gospel ministry, he went to Lane Seminary after graduating with honor from Marietta College. Just one month

after entering the seminary he died, all alone, among strangers, of Asiatic cholera. This was one of the great afflictions of Mr. Pond's life. The entire expense of his son's education he had borne alone.

The burdens of his large parish bore more heavily on him than they would have borne on many, for every duty was discharged with a spirit of rigid self-denial and self-sacrifice into which the element of personal preference never entered. No one ever more fully accepted the apostle's statement, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."

After he had resigned his pastorate he continued to bear many of the burdens of the pastoral office, being apparently unable to lay them down. It is hard to realize the arduous character of these burdens so cheerfully borne during the long period of his pastorate.

His parish was large, covering more than fifty square miles of territory, in which there was for a long time no other Protestant church organization. It was peopled by an exclusively rural and therefore scattered population. Church services and two weekly prayer meetings, six miles apart, were sustained during the heats of summer and the severest blizzards of winter. Services once appointed were never for any cause omitted or postponed. Every such service required on the part of the pastor a

journey of from two to six miles across a Minnesota prairie. In addition to this work within his own parish, he for many years preached regularly at Minnehaha, Richfield, and Minneapolis.

He was very thorough and painstaking in his pulpit preparations, and no field of Christian labor was ever more thoroughly cultivated than was his.

He also conducted the affairs of a large farm, doing much of the work with his own hands. During the twenty years of his pastorate he had but two vacations, of a few weeks each, on both of which occasions he was a delegate to the General Assembly. It is not strange that these arduous labors, continued for so long a period, somewhat prematurely wore out his magnificent constitution. The exposure and privation of his nineteen years of service among the Dakotas and the heavy burdens of his twenty years of labor among the white settlers gradually undermined his strength, until not even his indomitable will could longer sustain him in his ceaseless labors.

March 26, 1877, he wrote as follows: —

Dear Brother, — I begin to feel now as if I were nearing the end. Yesterday I turned over my dear old Sabbath-school to Mr. C—— and shall not again have a place in it. This school work is my last public work. I felt obliged to end off on account of personal infirmities by reason of which I could not do it any longer.

I have become old very young. A candle burns out quicker in a current, and life seems to be like a candle. My life has been in

a current. As I remember, a few years ago I used to prepare myself the best I could with earnest study to preach on the Sabbath, superintend two Sabbath-schools, four miles apart, attend Wednesday afternoon or evening meeting at the Ferry and Thursday on this prairie, and attend to my affairs at home comparatively without weariness.

Now I have refused to take a class in *one* Sabbath-school because I do not feel as if I could do the work of a teacher, though I do nothing at home! I am burned well down in the socket. Well, I do not know as I am sorry to be near the close of life on earth. I only regret that I have not made a better job of it. Still I should not be forward to undertake to repeat. It would be easy to make a worse. I could hardly hope to do better, though much better would fall far below perfection.

August 16 following, he wrote again: —

I am glad we have hope of a better life than we have had in this world, though we have no cause to complain of this. With us it has been a prosperous life. As compared with the lives of many of our acquaintances, it has been good and satisfactory, but that has been much owing to the fact that we did not expect much from this life except as it relates to the one for which we look after its close. With us it is almost sundown. We shall soon be gone and forgotten, and matters will go on as they did before us and as they have while we have been here. Our children we shall leave with ample means to obtain the comforts of life, if they are virtuous, industrious, and frugal. We shall leave them hoping that they will live religiously, and finally reach heaven. This is a great comfort.

As regards our worldly affairs, we can see many things that we would alter, but if we were to fuss at them a thousand years, I do not think we should get them fixed just right. I am persuaded that I shall not find the resting place here either for the body or the

mind. We look for rest after the life is over. The time will soon be along. Our efforts to fix things here are about like fixing for the night or for a day of rain when traveling in an uninhabited country.

As regards the foundation of our hopes to which you allude, I have never in my life had much doubt that they were sure. My only doubt was whether I was on them, and even of this I have not felt much hesitancy these forty-five years or more. My confidence has given direction to my life work. It has been a constant support and solace to me thus far, and poor as I am in character and life-doing, I fully expect to reach heaven through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. I expect much on the grounds of his work as Mediator; if I am finally disappointed, it will be a sad disappointment.

I do not expect that you and I shall meet many more times in this life, but I do expect to meet you in a better world — in a life to which this has been a preface, in which we shall feel but little interest except as it relates to that. That life will occupy our attention as a book does after we leave the preface and enter upon the body of it.

In October following Mr. Pond attended the meeting of the Synod of Minnesota and took part in the deliberations of that body. He preached for the Rev. Mr. Breed, of the House of Hope, the last sermon which he ever delivered. During the meeting of the Synod, Mr. Riggs says, "He greatly entertained the meeting and the people of St. Paul with his terse and graphic presentation of some of the Lord's workings in behalf of the Dakotas."

Early in the following January his infirmities cul-

minated in a lung trouble, and it soon became evident that the summons was coming and the messenger near. His brother Samuel was sent for, and as the latter entered the room he said, "So we go to see each other die." A few months before, this brother had been apparently at the point of death, and this remark was an allusion to that occasion.

On the twentieth of January, 1878, he passed through the gates into the Celestial City, to go no more out.

The Rev. D. R. Breed, of St. Paul, conducted the funeral services. The entire community attended as mourners at the interment of him to whose faithfulness and zeal they had been so deeply indebted, and none perhaps were more sincere in their demonstrations of sorrow than the little company of Dakotas to whom he had been a more than father.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PASTORATE AT SHAKOPEE AND THE RELEASE.

SAMUEL POND, who had married a schoolmate of his early years, Miss Rebecca Smith, returned to the land of the Dakotas previous to the removal of the Indians. The summer of 1853, which witnessed the departure of the natives, also brought many white people. A town was soon built upon the land adjoining the mission house, and in a short time a church organization was formed. The new church at first consisted of about ten members, mostly women.

The situation at Shakopee was a peculiar one. The population was even more unstable than in most other western towns, and very few of the early settlers became permanent residents. There was also a large and vigorous infidel element which made itself felt in many ways. These facts proved serious obstacles to successful church work at Shakopee.

Services were first held in a hall called "Holmes Hall," until it was more profitably utilized as a barber shop on the Sabbath, and then meetings were held in unfinished dwellings wherever a place could be found.

At first Mr. Pond preached sitting, on account of his crushed ankle, but he recovered from this after a time.

In 1856 a church building was erected entirely at the expense of the pastor and his congregation, the former of course bearing proportionately much the larger share. That church cost Mr. Pond more money than the house which afforded him a home for more than forty years. The amount thus contributed represented the savings of many years of rigid self-denial.

For thirteen years he served this church as pastor, diligently laboring by day for the support of his family and often toiling the greater part of the night in pulpit preparation. As some slight indication of the arduous character of this pastorate, it might be mentioned that he was called to attend more than two hundred funerals. The greater part of this time a second service was held in a neighboring town in addition to the home service. If the church did not reach "self-support," as it is termed, it rejoiced in the happy equivalent of a self-supporting pastor. Mr. Pond took but one vacation in the period named, being absent from his pulpit at that time a little more than a month. For his services he received from his people never much more than one hundred dollars per annum, and sometimes less. For a small part of this time he received $250 a year from the Home Mission

Board, but declined reappointment, supposing that the sum thus spent might be applied in a more needy and possibly more promising field.

In the political excitement of 1861, and the war which followed, he took a painful interest. Abraham Lincoln had no warmer supporter in life, no sincerer mourner in death, than he. In children he always took a special interest and undertook the early education of all his own children and several of his grandchildren. He had a natural antipathy to pecuniary obligations of every nature, and never contracted a debt of any kind or bought a thing for which he had not the present means of paying.

Mr. Pond's ministry at Shakopee, as he justly remarked in his farewell sermon, was no sinecure, but the work was one in which he delighted and very reluctantly laid down, influenced by considerations which it is not necessary to give in detail here.

From this period, 1866, changes gradual but great mark the lapse of years. The following year the firstborn of the family, like her sainted mother, crowned a lovely and inspiring life by a happy end. One by one, as the years went by, the remaining children sought homes of their own.

The second Mrs. Pond was domestic in her tastes, a pattern of industry and economy, and faithful in the discharge of every duty which lay in her path. She

was much attached to her church, was always much interested in The Missionary Herald and the cause it represents, and ever pursued the narrow path of quiet home duties toward the Celestial City. She set her house in order, prepared everything for the morrow, and laid herself down to her last rest at the age of eighty-two. A bookmark, her last receipt from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was found after her death marking the place in Baxter's Saint's Rest where the description of the rest was laid aside for the Rest itself.

The old mission house, the hallowed scene of so many toils and privations, and also of so many pleasant memories, has been gradually deserted until its builder now alone remains within its walls. Gradually increasing deafness has in great measure incapacitated him for social intercourse and public ministrations, but books, which were his chief delight in youth, have lost none of their power to interest in advancing age; especially is this true of the Book of books.

He has done much literary work of permanent value during these last years, including a work descriptive of the Dakotas in their primitive state. This work is soon to be published.

By way of recreation in his leisure hours, he carefully compared the Septuagint and Vulgate versions

of the Old Testament, noting omissions and variations, and his last published article was upon the chronology of the Septuagint.[1]

He was never idle. The active energy which distinguished his youthful years no less marks his advancing age. His mind is as clear, his judgment as sound, and his mental vision as keen at eighty-three as they were at thirty-three, and he displays no trace of the mental failure so common in advanced age. His memory is still accurate and retentive as in former days.

And now as the lengthening shadows of life's evening are gathering around the hoary head whose years have already exceeded the psalmist's limit, we can look back with unmingled pleasure upon the retrospect of a successful life. Whatever of toil or privation a life may have contained, if such life be unproductive of good results, we cannot call it successful. To those who fail to recognize the fact that there must of necessity be a period of sowing in order that there may be a season of reaping, the twenty years of self-denying toil given by these early missionaries to the Dakotas may seem well-nigh wasted; but those years of apparently unproductive sowing were essential to the production of the abundant harvest of later years.

[1] Printed in The Herald and Presbyter the week of his death.

More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since the mission was commenced among the Dakotas. Of the natives who were then grown to manhood, not one is now alive. Of the men of that devoted band who gave the strength of their manhood, the best of their lives to the pioneer work among these barbarous heathen, Mr. S. W. Pond, the first to arrive with his brother, is the sole survivor.

He has seen the wild and savage bands of Indians among whom he labored half a century ago become practically a civilized people. Those who sang the wild measures of the war song and danced nightly around the gory scalps of their hereditary foes now delight in the sweet melody of the songs of Zion, among which may be found those his pen indited in the dark days of fifty years ago. Many hundreds of the Dakotas earn an honest subsistence by the various pursuits of civilized life, and are humble but sincere members of Christ's Church on earth. Thousands have learned to read and write that language which the first missionaries so laboriously, but so successfully, reduced to a written form.

The unpaid labors of volunteer missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have done more to solve the Indian question, so far as the Dakotas are concerned, than has been accomplished by all the varied and costly experiments of the general government.

With S. W. Pond, the last survivor of a heroic band, the sun of life is nearing the western horizon; its level rays are casting hourly deeper shadows. The beloved companions and fellow laborers of former years have joined the company of those who rest from their labors. With undimmed faith, he writes, as in the "border land": —

> "And when or how my longing soul
> Shall enter into rest,
> I with my heavenly Father leave,
> Whose times and ways are best."

A little more than a month after the foregoing was written, the subject of it was called hence to the grand Reunion. He had planned much work for the coming year. He had commenced a translation of some Dakota legendary tales, taken down from the lips of the Dakotas years before. He also proposed to attend the annual meeting of the Dakota Mission; but the Master had planned otherwise.

A severe attack of pneumonia terminated his life on the twelfth of December, 1891, after a brief illness of less than five days.

Dr. Neill, of McAllister College, the oldest surviving friend of his earlier years, conducted the funeral services.

Dr. Webster, Dr. Donaldson, and the Rev. S. L. B.

Speare, of Minneapolis, also participated. The last hymn sung was one composed by himself: —

Deck not my tomb with flowers that fade,
Frail emblems of mortality,
And when my dust in dust is laid,
Sing no sad dirges over me.

With faith that banishes all fear,
Remember Him who died to save,
And thus, without a sigh or tear,
Consign my body to the grave.

And, looking on my cold remains,
Behold them with an eye of faith,
And sing, in cheerful, joyful strains,
Of Him who, dying, conquered death.

Without misgiving lay me down,
To wait the resurrection day,
For Christ will not forget his own,
Though heaven and earth should pass away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME THOUGHTS IN CONCLUSION.

THE path of duty lies for different individuals in different and often widely diverse directions. For some it seems to wind hither and thither through green pastures and beside still waters. Others find their allotted field of labor in crowded cities and busy thoroughfares. Still others are called to the toils and hardships of the pioneer's lot, and to face new and untried difficulties in the physical, the mental, or the social world. To this latter class belonged S. W. and G. H. Pond.

The Master chose for them as they would have chosen for themselves, and they were required to build on no other man's foundation. Their work was essentially a pioneer work from the time they left their New England home until their earthly work was completed. Theirs was the first permanent mission to the Dakotas; theirs the first citizen-settler's cabin, schoolhouse, and house of worship in the section where they located; theirs was the first vocabulary and translation in the Dakota language, and the first pupil taught to read and write his own language in the entire Sioux

nation. At Oak Grove and Shakopee they were pioneers and alone in their mission work, the earliest settlers, and the first to preach the gospel to white people. G. H. Pond was one of the pioneer legislators of the territory and the first to preach the gospel in the city called Minneapolis. Furthermore, he was the editor of the first religious paper published in Minnesota. Theirs was the spirit of consecration which gives direction to life, and while it often led into discomfort, suffering, and peril, they never for one moment regretted the steps taken or desired to retrace them.

They had some of the spirit of their Puritan ancestors so eloquently described by Macaulay: "Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand."

The work which they undertook to perform few could have done, and fewer still would have cared to do. Their views of duty brought them into daily and hourly contact with barbarism in its rudest, most repellent form. They were brought into the imme-

diate presence of degraded humanity, as it were, in the nude. No glamour of distance lent enchantment to the filthy, degraded beings for whose temporal and eternal welfare they labored. It was hard to recognize the faint possibility of a Saviour's restored image in the fallen men and women among whom their lot was cast. The unfallen man lay so deeply hidden beneath the accumulated filth of ages that nothing but the eye of faith could discern his possible presence.

For themselves, these men expected nothing in this present life. The little cabin on the eastern shore of Lake Calhoun was the only home its builders ever expected to possess on earth. They came, as they then supposed, "to live and die 'mong savage men," unless it should please their Master to turn the savages around them to himself. When that little cabin was built, there were, besides the missionaries and their brethren among the Ojibways, no Protestant Christians in the whole territory, save one woman.

The cabin by the lake long ago disappeared from sight, and few there are of the 175,000 souls living within the limits of the city now growing up around it who are aware that it ever existed. But the work commenced in that lowly hut will go forward, ever widening until it is completed.

In my youth I often visited a beautiful and fertile meadow, surrounded, like the garden of Eden, by

streams of living water. Here and there upon the green-carpeted surface of this meadow, old elms reared their lofty heads in fearless defiance of wintry blasts and springtime torrents. The birds of heaven built habitations in their branches and the cattle sought the fragrant coolness of their shade. One by one those ancient trees have fallen until but two or three now remain. Like those giant trees were once the "pioneers of Minnesota" and like them have the pioneers passed away.

For a full knowledge of the results of the labors of the Pond brothers and their associates, briefly sketched in the foregoing pages, we must await the revelations of that country where they now "behold the King in his beauty"; where the voices which once sang Dakota war songs now sing "the song of the redeemed"; and they who toiled and suffered, met and parted, on the banks of the turbid Minnesota, meet once more by the crystal waters of the River of Life.

APPENDIX.

AN-PE-TU-SA-PA-WIN.

A LEGEND OF THE DAKOTAS.

When winter's icy reign is o'er
And spring has set the waters free,
I love to listen to the roar
Of thy wild waves, St. Anthony.

I love to watch the rapid course
Of the mad surges at my feet,
And listen to the tumult hoarse
Which shakes me in my rocky seat.

For, gathered here from lake and glen,
The turbid waters, deep and black,
With foaming rush and thundering din,
Pour down the mighty cataract.

Entranced with visions strange and new,
The 'wildering scene amazed I scan,
As with a wild delight I view
Nature unmarred by hand of man.

But go through all this world so broad,
Go search through mountain, vale, and plain:
Each spot where human foot e'er trod
Is linked with memory of pain.

A sight these rugged rocks have seen
Which scarce a rock unmoved might see;
On the hard hearts of savage men
That scene was graved indelibly.

And though since then long years have fled
And generations passed away,
Its memory dies not with the dead,
The record yields not to decay.

No theme of love inspires my song,
Such as might please a maiden's ear;
I sing of hate and woe and wrong,
Of vengeance strange and wild despair.

Unskilled to fashion polished lays,
I sing no song of mirth and glee;
A tale of grief in homely phrase
I tell you as 't was told to me.

Long e'er the white man's eye had seen
These flower-decked prairies, fair and wide,
Long e'er the white man's bark had been
Borne on the Mississippi's tide,

So long ago, Dakotas say,
An-pe-tu-sa-pa-win was born.
Her eyes beheld these scenes so gay
First opening on life's rosy morn.

I of her childhood nothing know,
And nothing will presume to tell
Of her extraction, high or low,
Or whether fared she ill or well.

I know she was an Indian maid
And fared as Indian maidens do;
In morning light and evening shade
Hardship and danger ever knew.

The flowing river she could swim,
  She learned the light canoe to guide:
In it could cross the broadest stream
  Or o'er the lake securely glide.

She learned to tan the deer's tough hide,
  The parchment tent could well prepare;
The bison's shaggy skin she dyed
  With art grotesque in colors fair.

With knife of bone she carved her food,
  Fuel with axe of stone procured;
Could fire extract from flint or wood
  To rudest savage life inured.

In kettle frail of birchen bark
  She boiled her food with heated stones.
The slippery fish from coverts dark
  She drew with hook of jointed bones.

The prickly porcupine's sharp quills
  In many a quaint device she wove—
Fair gifts for those she highest prized,
  Tokens of friendship or of love.

Oft on the flower-enameled green,
  Midst troops of youthful maidens gay,
With bounding footstep she was seen,
  Intent to bear the prize away.

The Chippewa she learned to fear,
  And round his scalp she danced with glee;
From his keen shaft and cruel spear
  Oft was she fain to hide or flee.

Thus she, with heart now sad, now gay,
  Did many a wild adventure prove,
Till laughing childhood passed away,
  Succeeded by the time of love.

Now wedded to the man she loved,
Fondling her firstborn infant boy,
Her trusting heart the fullness proved
Of nuptial and maternal joy.

Thus did her heart with love o'erflow
And beat with highest joy elate;
But higher joy brings deeper woe,
And love deceived may turn to hate.

He whose smile more than life she prized
Sought newer love and fresher charms,
While she, forsaken and despised,
Beheld him in a rival's arms.

Whate'er she thought she little said;
No tear bedimmed her flashing eye;
Her faithful tongue no thought betrayed,
Her bosom heaved no telltale sigh.

Long had she hid her anguish keen
When on yon green and sloping shore
The wild Dakotas' tents were seen
With strange devices painted o'er.

An-pe-tu-sa-pa-win is there,
Her wan cheeks tinged with colors gay,
And her loved boy wears in his hair
The tokens of a gala day.

Why braids she her neglected hair,
As if it were her bridal day?
Why has she decked her boy so fair
With shining paint and feathers gay?

See! She has seized her light canoe!
She grasps in haste the slender oar,
Has placed her infant in the bow,
And thus in silence leaves the shore.

With steady hand and tearless eye
She urges on that frail canoe.
Right onward to those falls so high,
Right onward to the gulf below.

Her frantic friends in vain besought;
She calmly went her fearful way,
Nor turned her head nor heeded aught
Of all that friend or foe might say.

All quake with horror; she alone
Betrays no sign of grief or fear.
With gentle word and soothing tone
She strives the timid child to cheer.

Amazed the awe-struck husband stood.
A father's feelings checked his breath;
His son is on that raging flood,
So full of life — so near to death.

The quiv'ring bark like lightning flies,
Urged by the waves and bending oar;
No swifter could she seek the prize
Were death behind and life before.

The fatal brink is just at hand,
And thitherward she holds the bow.
See eager Death exulting stand!
No power on earth can save her now.

And now she raises her death song
Above the tumult, shrill and clear,
Yet may she not the strain prolong,
The verge of death is all too near.

The song has ceased. The dark abyss
Swallows with haste its willing prey.
The foaming waters round them hiss —
Mother and child have passed away.

The fragments of the shattered bark
The boiling waves to view restore,
But she and hers, in caverns dark,
Find quiet rest forevermore.

They say that still that song is heard
Above the mighty torrent's roar,
When trees are by the night wind stirred
And darkness broods on stream and shore.

OAK GROVE, 1850.

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